

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 821



THE

GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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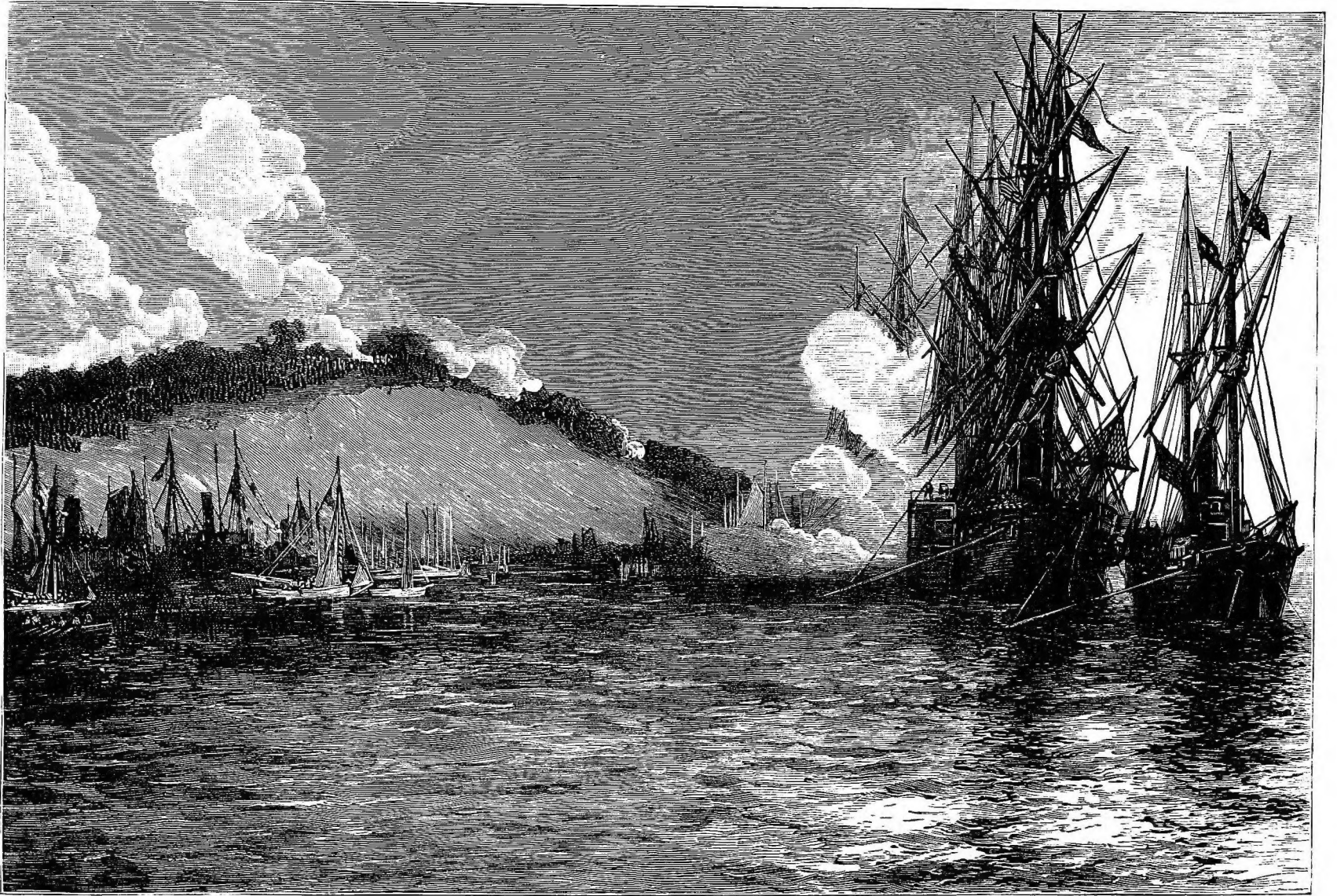
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1885

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SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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CEREMONIES AT RIVERSIDE PARK, FROM THE HUDSON RIVER



GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB, LOOKING NORTH

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GRANT, RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK

Topics of the Week

LORD CARNARVON'S TOUR.—It may appear like looking a gift-horse in the mouth, but we must confess to feeling somewhat doubtful about the sincerity of the acclamations with which Lord Carnarvon has been greeted in the West of Ireland. To believe that the Irish people are a bit more contented at heart than when Lord Spencer ruled over them would require a very robust degree of faith. The present Viceroy is just as much an Amurath in their eyes as his predecessor, and when they discover, as they presently will, that a Conservative Government is not more squeezable than a Liberal in the matters of Home Rule and land confiscation, Lord Carnarvon may count upon finding himself held up to public odium as a monstrous tyrant. It is an old Irish fashion to "welcome the coming, speed the departing" Lord Lieutenant, and they are only carrying out the national custom on the present occasion. Blarney costs nothing to those who employ it, and, as Lord Carnarvon has evidently kissed the magic stone, he is quite able to hold his own in that pastime against all comers. Of course, it is refreshing by way of novelty to read of an Irish Viceroy passing from town to town, not only without meeting insult, but positively as if the people were glad to see him. Still, one cannot help being struck by the stagey look of the whole performance. Who is the prompter, who the stage-manager, who the author? Perhaps Mr. Parnell might be able to give some information on these heads; we make very little doubt that he could have arranged a very different reception for Lord Carnarvon, had he been so minded. On the whole, we must acknowledge to a decided preference for the rough candour of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, when addressing an East End meeting last Sunday:—"Let the Irish Nationalists not be misunderstood; if they vote for Conservatives it will not be because they love them, but because it is expedient, and because they hate the Liberals more." Lord Carnarvon would do well to remember this warning. For the moment, the velvet glove suffices the occasion, but as the Crimes' Act has been allowed to lapse, there is all the more reason for firmness in the administration of Irish affairs.

"HOW SHALL YOU VOTE?"—Is it unseasonable to ask such a question as this at a time when many of us are either enjoying, or soon hoping to enjoy, the delights of mountain, loch, woodland, or sea-beach? Well, perhaps it is unseasonable. Why not let politics alone for awhile? But politics won't let us alone. Already the signs of the coming conflict are casting their shadow over the land. This, put into less ambitious language, means that on Tuesday the Radical candidate for one of the new metropolitan divisions (or his representative) called at Mr. Jones's house, handed in an electioneering manifesto, and asked Mrs. Jones how she thought her husband would vote. Prudent Mrs. Jones replied that, as Mr. Jones was out, she was unable to say, whereupon the agent politely bade her good morning. We too, although the desire may be contrary to the spirit of the Ballot Act, should like to know how Jones means to vote. For Jones is a typical personage, representative of a by no means inconsiderable class. He is not a violent partisan; in fact, when pressed he has a difficulty in defining his politics; if he is anything, he is that amphibious creature called a Liberal-Conservative, and his ideal House of Commons is an assembly which should devote itself to legislation on matters of practical utility, and avoid contentious matter. As he thinks that the late Government managed foreign affairs very badly, especially as regards Egypt and the Soudan, he would like to give the present Ministers a further trial, yet feels that they can scarcely gain such a decided victory as to render them independent of Parnellite support. Otherwise, as far as promised legislation goes, he perceives that the modern Tory is quite as Liberal as the Gladstonian school of politicians. It is evident from the glimpse thus afforded of Jones's views that that worthy gentleman will have some difficulty in making up his mind when the polling-day comes. And, worse than this, living as he does in an overgrown suburb, he knows nothing personally about the respective candidates. All he knows is that one is recommended by the Council of the Local Liberal Association; the other by the Local "Habitation" of the Primrose League. That is to say, his future representative will be selected for him by one of the two rival Caucuses. It is easy to abuse the Caucus system, but in big cities it seems unavoidable. Shakespeare was a wonderfully far-seeing man. Does not Bolingbroke say in *Richard II.* (we have not the book handy), "O! who can hold a borough in his hand, Unthinking of the trusty Caucuses?" But this quotation does not settle the enigma of Jones's vote. Happy thought. Let him leave it for Mrs. Jones to decide. This is Woman Suffrage of the practical type.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE REPORT.—In the Report which has just been issued for the year 1884 there are no very striking features. The increase in the population is shown by the fact that forty-six miles of new streets and squares were handed over to police protection during the year. It is satisfactory then to find that there is a corresponding decrease in the amount of crime. This is especially noticeable in the department of "drunk and disorderly," of which

there were 17,203 cases, as opposed to 19,487, in 1883. Even this number, however, shows that the advocates of temperance have plenty of material on which to work. More serious offences show a similar decrease, though burglaries were rather more numerous. These were largely due to the carelessness of householders, for the number of doors and windows left open largely exceeded those in 1883. There was a slight increase in street accidents, due in many cases to furious driving, for which there were 883 convictions. More than sixteen thousand stray dogs were seized by the Police, of which less than two thousand were re-claimed. More than 20,000 articles were found in public carriages, of which only about half were recovered by their owners. Hansom cabs increased, and "four wheelers" slightly diminished in number. No less than 117 of their drivers were over seventy years of age. With respect to the cleanliness of London it is satisfactory to find that Superintendent Thompson "has never known Covent Garden Market so clean" as it is now. The whole number of the Police in the Metropolitan District in 1884 was 12,880, a smaller number, in proportion to the vast population which they protect, than that of any other capital in Europe. This is satisfactory as showing the law-abiding nature of the majority of the population.

SPAIN AND GERMANY.—Copying the example set by England in connection with New Guinea, the South-West African littoral, and St. Lucia's Bay, Spain has now adopted a dog-in-the-manger attitude towards Germany. It may have been a rather high-handed proceeding on the part of Prince Bismarck to lay hands on the Caroline Islands without saying, "By your leave." He must have known, at all events, that Spain had some sort of shadowy claim to the group, and a little politeness might have persuaded her to relinquish it in favour of Germany. That is not the fashion nowadays, however, and least of all the fashion with the Iron Chancellor. He really seems to derive pleasure from doing rough things in the roughest possible way, and this peculiar taste frequently leads him into unnecessary quarrels. The grievance of the Spanish people is, nevertheless, of an altogether flimsy kind. They have never made any attempt to colonise or develop the islands, while their only right of ownership is an ancient Papal Bull, a title-deed certainly not recognised by modern international law. The time has quite gone by when such absurd pretensions as these can be upheld by a weak Power against a stronger. It is now required that any country which appropriates a savage territory shall afford some evidence of an intention to make use of the acquisition. To hoist a flag and fire a salute will no longer suffice to insure the permanent right of possession, and any country which goes no further than these formalities renders itself liable to be dispossessed. Spain had a long day of grace given her to do something with the Caroline Islands, and, as she persistently neglected the opportunity, she is entitled to little sympathy for her loss. At the same time, it is an unpleasant change in international morality which Prince Bismarck has introduced, since he first began to play at the great game of brag.

RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.—It is true that the dividends now payable represent the least profitable of the two halves into which the year is divided, because the passenger traffic always increases during the holiday months, but nevertheless they are not very consoling for shareholders, since, taken all round, they represent in proportion to the market price of the stock a percentage little better than that obtainable from Consols. On the Northern lines the diminution in receipts is chiefly due to the contraction of mineral traffic, and this in turn is owing to the depressed condition of the iron trade, the shipping trade, and various cognate industries. But the fact that the number of third-class passengers carried has also diminished on some lines seems to show that the trade-depression which has for so long crippled the middle classes is also beginning to pinch the wage-earners. Hitherto the third-class traffic has annually shown a considerable advance from half-year to half-year, though sometimes at the cost of the first and second. In fact, now that third-class passengers sit (as they usually do) in comfortably cushioned carriages, and are carried as swiftly as their betters (?), the poor shareholder may feel thankful that there are still some people rich enough or liberal enough to pay for the luxury of first-class seclusion. Of course these meagre dividends cause an outcry for economy in working the lines. We do not approve of this outcry, and we are glad to observe that most of the railway chairmen take the same view. Unnecessary expenditure should be stopped, however high the profits may be which a concern is making, but it is suicidal policy to starve either a railway or a cab horse just because it is earning small money. If repairs are suspended; if men are dismissed, and the pay of those who stay cut down, the *employees* become over-worked and discontented; then the permanent way gets into a bad state, and possibly a frightful accident is the result, the pecuniary cost of which swallows up all the petty economies of many months. But there is one branch of railway finance where money can be wisely saved, that is, in "international litigation," or fighting with "foreign" railways. We especially commend this observation to the directors of the lines which dominate the traffic of the South-Eastern counties.

HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS.—Already the holiday season has furnished its usual *quota* of fatal accidents. The water, of

course, claims the majority of the victims, but the land has taken its share. During the past week several cases of death by falling from hills and cliffs have been recorded. These are generally due to carelessness, or to the foolhardiness which prompts people to attempt to strike out new paths for themselves instead of following the beaten track. They seem to forget that an English mountain is often fully as steep and dangerous as the loftier pinnacles of the Alps, and that a fall of fifty feet is as likely to kill as one of five hundred. Yet, without a guide, often in high-heeled boots, and with no support but a light cane, or parasol, the tourist will attempt to pass where a skilled and properly equipped mountaineer would hesitate. With regard to boating accidents, moreover, the fault generally lies with the individual victims. On Sunday evening, for instance, six men, all more or less intoxicated, attempted to row from Lodore to Keswick on Lake Derwentwater. Naturally enough the boat overturned, and three of them were drowned. Ignorance of rowing does not frighten the excursionist, with a light heart he will adventure himself in a boat, seemingly unaware that there is only a half-inch plank between his body and a watery grave. Bathing accidents at watering-places are as often as not due to the apathy or stinginess of the local authorities. Resting-places for tired swimmers after the continental fashion should be provided at all of them, and men employed to row up and down during bathing hours. Until this is done accidents will continue to be numerous and fatal.

RUSSIA'S WHITE ELEPHANT.—Though it be uncharitable and sinful to rejoice at the misfortunes of one's neighbours, few Englishmen can, we imagine, help feeling a sense of satisfaction on reading the troubles which Russia has brought on herself by her recent Asiatic adventures. The debateable land, for whose acquisition she risked war with England, has proved a veritable white elephant. Her troops are decimated by disease, her treasury is breaking down under the unintermittent strain, her very name is hated by the Afghans, yet she cannot go back because that would involve a fatal loss of prestige. Neither can she go forward. Herat blocks the way, and, by all accounts, that fortress now presents a really formidable obstacle to invasion. Whether it could stand a regular siege may be open to question; the fortifications are said to have been considerably strengthened during the last two or three months, but strong ramparts count for little nowadays unless armed with powerful ordnance. Even admitting, however, that Herat could not hold out against a Russian Army Corps with a regular siege train, it should be quite capable of resisting any force that General Komaroff for a long time to come could bring against it. In the mean while, not only will the place be growing stronger and stronger, but the Pishin railway will become an accomplished fact. Practically, therefore, all the gain, from a military standpoint, is on the side of England, Russia having obtained nothing more than a stretch of nearly barren territory where her troops die off like flies. No doubt, it has a high value as a future entrance into Afghanistan, the object for which it was secured. But then it may be well doubted, even by the Chauvinists of Moscow, whether that advantage was not paid for at too high a price when the means employed served to awaken England at last to a full sense of the danger threatening her Eastern Empire.

THE COTTON STRIKE IN LANCASHIRE.—As Mr. Goschen pointed out in his admirable address at Manchester some weeks ago, there is really no such thing as over-production. Sooner or later all the stuff which is grown or made passes into consumption. Just now very large stocks of cotton cloth are held in Lancashire, yet, leaving all foreign markets out of the question, there are thousands of people in the United Kingdom alone who would be delighted to get a new outfit of underclothing, and who—if they only had the exchangeable medium—would in no time empty the dealers' loaded shelves. In a gradual sort of way, this phenomenon does actually take place. Provided no disturbing influence makes itself felt without—such as a rise in the raw material, or a sudden demand abroad—consumers are tempted by low prices, and so by degrees, but with pain and difficulty, the so-called "surplus" stock is worked off. But this is a very unsatisfactory way of carrying on business, for profits are reduced to a vanishing point, and capitalists naturally feel that the workpeople ought to participate in their adversity, by submitting to a reduction of wages. We do not offer any opinion on the merits of the strike now existing at Oldham and elsewhere in Lancashire. But we may venture on a few general remarks. Since the cotton famine of 1862 the yarn and cloth-producing powers of Lancashire have been increased to an extent of which few South-countrymen are aware. New mills, fitted with the most improved machinery, have sprung up in all directions, the spinning industry being especially centred in Oldham. Hence competition is very keen, the multitude of spindles causes a brisk demand for cotton, and so the margin of price between the raw material and the finished product is very narrow. Then the social conditions are altered. The typical mill-owner of thirty years ago has disappeared—his sons are Conservative squires, and his place is taken by so-called "co-operative" companies. We say "so-called" because the shares held by *bonâ fide* cotton operatives are fewer than optimist philanthropists are wont to imagine. In truth, many of the shareholders are people living at a distance, otherwise unconnected with the cotton

trade, in fact, the same kind of people as those who put their money into railway and steamboat companies. Proprietors like these cannot deal with the workmen as did the keen self-interested millowner of the last generation, but for that very reason the operatives will be wise to moderate their demands. Shareholders may be content to forego dividends in hopes of better times, but as many of these companies are also burdened by having to pay interest on borrowed capital, they may find themselves, if the wages-roll exceeds their earning capacities, unable to meet their obligations, and then shareholders and workmen will all be left sprawling in the mire together.

CLERGYMEN AND POLITICS.—The Rev. J. R. Diggle, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the London School Board, is a candidate for a seat in the new Parliament. In his address to the electors of East Marylebone Mr. Diggle points out that, being a clergyman, he could not, if elected, take his seat immediately, but hopes that this wrong will be redressed by the new Parliament. It certainly does seem anomalous that clergymen of the Church of England alone should be debarred from sitting in the House of Commons. Nevertheless, it is by no means certain that the advantages of the system do not outweigh the seeming disadvantages. A man cannot be an ardent politician without being at the same time something of a partisan. A very glaring instance of this has lately occurred in the extraordinary address issued by the Rev. H. M. Kennedy, Vicar of Plump-ton, near Carlisle, to the electors of Cumberland. He there advises those who have Conservative masters to tell them a falsehood rather than vote for the Tories. A more casuistical piece of advice has rarely been given by an English clergyman. It fully deserved the sharp rebuke administered by the Bishop of Carlisle. Of course this is an isolated case. Nevertheless, it seems better that a few clergymen should be debarred from sitting in the House of Commons, than that they should be exposed to all the temptations of a political life, so opposed in every respect to their religious duties and their Christian character. Nowhere do clergymen take a more prominent part in politics than in the United States. In spite of their influence, nowhere is political life more corrupt and more lightly esteemed.

SUNDAY NUISANCES.—Would the unification of the municipal government of London insure the same cleanliness of the streets on Sundays as on weekdays? If so, a good many people who now look askance at the Firthian scheme might regard it much more favourably. At present, the municipal mind appears to entertain the idea that the working classes put on their best clothes on Sunday for the express purpose of having them spoilt. Only on this great popular holiday do the watering carts cease their operations, and only on it, as a correspondent of a daily contemporary remarks, are householders excused from keeping the pavement clean in front of their premises. This complainant sketches a gruesome picture of the abominations which are to be met with round about his dwelling every Sunday. Does he live in some foul slum, then? By no means. "I live," he writes, "not a stone's throw from St. James's Palace and Marlborough House, and I venture to assert that the condition of the streets adjacent to those Royal residences is simply a disgrace and a reproach to our vaunted civilisation." This description would fit many other parts of the metropolis equally well. Left unswept from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning, the streets necessarily become the repositories of foul accumulations, poisoning the air and sickening all who have eyes and noses. Here, then, is a genuine working-class grievance. Most of our Sunday holiday-makers pay rates, either directly or indirectly, and it is nothing less than a fraud upon them that, on the one day when they might derive some personal advantage from their outlay, the streets are left unwatered and unscavenged. It is not so on the Continent; and, although we should be sorry to see the continental Sabbath established in England, we might with advantage copy those parts of it which give the greatest happiness to the greatest number.

DISUSED CHURCHYARDS.—While striving to gain as a public possession such magnificent recreation grounds as Parliament Fields, Hampstead, smaller opportunities must not be neglected. We always entertain a kindly feeling for Baron Albert Grant, albeit he may have helped to bring a good many speculators to grief, because he made a present to the public of Leicester Square. What a howling desert it used to be! and now, during the summer months, its benches are crowded with occupants, all more or less enjoying the fresh air and the foliage. After Leicester Square one looks with envy and regret on Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is quite a miniature park, and surely it might be opened in the summer time, under certain restrictions, as are Gray's Inn Gardens. Will Lord Brabazon and his friends kindly see to this? They have done much good in securing Red Lion Square. With a little horticultural adornment it will make a delightful retreat for the wayworn and weary of that crowded neighbourhood. Nor are very small areas—far smaller than Red Lion Square—to be despised. What pleasure is afforded by the vacant space around St. Paul's, now that it is planted and opened to the public! and yet its superficial area is very small. A couple of benches, a tree or two, and a patch of grass, with a few flowers interspersed, are enough to convey solace to the soul of many a poor infirm man or woman to whom "days in the country"

are unknown luxuries. Hence we plead for the setting in proper order and opening to the public of all the London churchyards. There are plenty of suitable old men willing to act as custodians, who would take care that the children do not "make rocking-horses of the tombstones." It sounds a difficult feat. Perhaps Mr. Lambert meant "play leapfrog over the tombstones." No sensible person, however, wishes that these receptacles for the dead should be converted into regular playgrounds. But, on the other hand, it would be well worth the small addition to the rates which would be requisite if every one of these graveyards, many of them neglected and disfigured by accumulations of rubbish, were put into decent order and opened freely to the public.

PRESENT-DAY SMUGGLING.—There is no romance about the smuggler of to-day. He is no longer the hero of novels, or the darling of the ladies, and though his red cap, and his big sea-boots, his nautical swagger, and his strange oaths may still be heard and seen occasionally in a drama on the Surrey side, his glory has departed. But though there is no romance, there is still a good deal of interest about the smuggler or the "smuggleress" (for both are common), chiefly due to the misplaced ingenuity which they exhibit in their attempts to defraud Her Majesty's revenue. Even the vagaries of fashion are turned to account. When every woman wore a crinoline, it was not at all uncommon for the revenue officers to find that a fashionably-dressed "lady" was a walking magazine of cigars, and even of cases of spirits, and the more modern "crinolette" has been turned to the same purpose. Male smugglers effect their purpose by equally clever methods. The other day a cask, apparently full of solid resin, was found to contain a tin case full of tobacco embedded in it. On Saturday last a still more curious capture was made at Hull. A Hamburg steamer brought several large barks of apparently solid timber. One of these was accidentally indented, and was discovered to be hollow. Upon examination the barks were found to contain several tons weight of tobacco, cigars, and spirits, while on the premises of the consignee, at Leeds, several more of these sham barks were discovered, showing that the system had been carried on for some time.



PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at eight o'clock, will be ENACTED a new play in four acts and fourteen scenes, by Henry A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled **HOODMAN BLIND**. New scenery by Messrs. W. Hann and T. E. Ryan. Incidental music and overture by Mr. Edward Jones. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, Cliffe, De Soila, Carson, Ambient, &c., and George Barrett. Miss Eastlake, Misses Huntley, Cooke, Beckett, Belmore, Wilson, Garth, Clitherow, &c. Prices: Private Boxes, 41s. to 49s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box Office open from 9.30 to 5.30. No fees of any kind. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages at 11.0. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Every Evening at 8 will be played the Comedietta, by C. M. Rae, **FIRST IN THE FIELD**, followed by (at 9) the very successful farcical play in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, called **THE GREAT PINK PEARL**. For cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.40, commence at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 11 to 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (4,700). Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton. Sole Proprietress, Mrs. D. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at 8, **THE UNKNOWN**. Misses Grey, D'Almeida, Howe, Pettifer, &c. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Algernon Syms, Hinde, Steadman, Stephenson, Newbound, Bigwood, Reynolds. **INCIDENTALS.** Concluding with **ESMERALDA**.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON. THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT of the world-famed

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS ALL THROUGH THE SUMMER. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at THREE as well. Doors open at 2.30 and 7. Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 to 7. No fees of any description.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's **LAST GREAT PICTURE**, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the **DORE GALLERY**, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

ANNO DOMINI, "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY," and "THE CHOSEN FIVE," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These Celebrated Pictures with other works, are ON VIEW at **THE GALLERIES**, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 15.

NEW ENGRAVINGS, &c., ON VIEW.

MAYTIME. BASIL BRADLEY. TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY. S. E. WALLER. NAPOLEON ON THE "BELLEROPHON." THE GLOAMING. CARL HEFFNER. DAWN (Companion to do.) THE MISSING BOATS. R. H. CARTER. PEGGED DOWN FISHING MATCH. DENDY SADLER. FIRST DAYS OF SPRING. ISEMBART. PARTING KISS. ALMA TADEMA. &c., &c., &c.

N.B.—Engravings of above on sale at lowest prices. **THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS** GEO. REES, 115 Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON SEAFORD EASTBOURNE ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS WORTHING LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR HAYLING ISLAND PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Trains also from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets from London available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets. Improved Train Services. Pullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE COWES SANDOWN SHANKLIN VENTNOR for BOMBURCH and FRESHWATER BEMBRIDGE Through Tickets, including all charges. The Trains by this route run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also now run to and from the New Pier Head Station at Ryde, thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.

SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST, &c.

DIEPPE ROUEN FECAMP HAVRE HONFLEUR TROUVILLE CAEN CHERBOURG Through Tickets from Victoria and London Bridge, via Newhaven and Dieppe, or Newhaven and Honfleur. THE ANGLO-NORMAN AND BRITANNY TOURS.—These Tickets enable the holder to visit all the principal places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LIVERPOOL, AS SEEN FROM A BALLOON, 1885," drawn by H. W. Brewer and W. L. Wyllie.



THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GRANT

THE funeral ceremonies began at 10 A.M. on Tuesday, August 4th, with a service at the cottage of the Grant family at Mount McGregor, where General Grant died. General Hancock and others attended, while all the people at the neighbouring hotel gathered on the lawn. At the same actual time, though at 3 P.M. to allow for the difference of longitude, a funeral service was held in Westminster Abbey, at which a number of persons of distinction, both British and American, were present.

After this service the body was taken to Saratoga by the narrow-gauge railway which runs down the mountain, and was thence conveyed by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad to Albany. On the way from the station to the Capitol the corpse was escorted by the local civil and military societies (as represented in one of our illustrations), and lay in state in Albany Capitol throughout the night. Eighty thousand persons passed two and two by the coffin, which was covered with a glass case, enabling the features of the deceased to be seen. During the night, also, hymns were sung in the Capitol Park by the singing societies. The effect of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," sung by many thousand voices, was very impressive.

Next day, the 5th August, the body was conveyed to New York by railway. The signs of mourning were universal, and sympathising crowds assembled at all the stations as the train passed by.

On the arrival of the train at the Grand Central Station a procession was formed, which conveyed the remains *via* Fifth Avenue and Broadway to City Hall Park, where, in the City Hall, they lay in state until Saturday, August 8th. During this time the coffin was viewed by a vast multitude of persons, passing by at the rate of from 8,000 to 10,000 an hour—so rapidly in fact that little satisfaction was obtained. In all some 120,000 persons performed this pilgrimage.

The final funeral procession started at 10 A.M., August 8th, from the City Hall. Fully half a million persons had flocked into New York to witness the pageant. The weather, though warm, was not oppressive. The procession was headed by General Hancock with a body of United States Regulars, sailors, and marines, numbering about 2,000 men. Then followed some 25,000 State troops, including numbers of veterans, all of whom had served under Grant. The funeral car, carrying the General's remains, was drawn by twenty-four black horses, led by coloured grooms. A long cortege of mourning coaches came next, containing President Cleveland, two ex-Presidents (Hayes and Arthur), Cabinet Ministers, Governors, Mayors, and various other personages of distinction. The final division of the procession was composed of 10,000 members of various civic societies.

Every coign of vantage was occupied. The foot pavements, the windows, and the housetops were crowded with spectators. The procession took five hours passing a given point. The best view was obtained from Fifth Avenue, near Madison Square. General Hancock rode past on a black charger, followed by a brilliantly uniformed staff. The dresses of the various regiments were very diverse in character, following the pattern of every European nation. The greatest popular interest was taken in the detachments of Southern troops, who were clad in grey.

Riverside Park is a long narrow strip of ground facing the Hudson river to the north-west of the Central Park; and the site selected for General Grant's tomb is at the northern extremity of this strip. As the ground rises here considerably, fine views of New York and its environs are obtainable, and, for the same reason, the monument of the great commander will be conspicuous from many points.

The final ceremony at the tomb began at 5 P.M. The burial service was that of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was conducted by Dr. Newman. President Cleveland fervently joined with hundreds of others in repeating the Lord's Prayer. When prayer was ended the artillery bugles sounded. Then the heavy cedar case was put into its steel enclosure in the tomb, and the family took a final view. Volleys of artillery were then fired, while the ceremonies were closed with a Presidential salute of twenty-one guns, amid reverberating echoes from the opposite shore. The services occupied an hour, and then, a guard of artillery having been left to watch the tomb, the troops marched away to lively music. As the crowds of spectators gradually dwindled away, the riveters began their work on the steel case, and at length the fastenings were completed, and the tomb sealed. On the next day (Sunday) many thousands of persons went to the park to see the tomb.

THE NEW EARL AND COUNTESS OF LAUDERDALE

MAJOR FREDERICK HENRY MAITLAND, of the Bengal Staff Corps, recently claimed the Earldom of Lauderdale, which has been dormant since the death of the twelfth Earl in August, 1884, with other collateral dignities thereto appertaining. There was a rival claimant in the person of Sir James Ramsay-Gibson-Maitland. The case was heard before the Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords, and was decided by them on July 22nd in favour of Major Maitland. The main point at issue was whether the petitioner's great-grandfather, Lieut.-Colonel Richard Maitland, brother of the seventh Earl of Lauderdale, was lawfully married in New York, on July 11th, 1772, to Mary M'Adam, mother of his children. The matter was, however, further complicated by the question whether or not Colonel Maitland, who was by birth a domiciled Scotchman, had retained his domicile of origin down to the time of his marriage. The Committee was satisfied from the evidence of the present United States Minister and other American lawyers that the ceremony had been properly performed. Still clearer was the evidence that Colonel Maitland never sought to shake off his Scotch domicile and take another.

The new Peer is the elder son of the late Major-General Frederick Maitland, of the Indian Army, by marriage with Anna Dering, eldest daughter of Mr. Stephen Williams. He was born December 16th, 1840, entered the 8th Hussars in 1861, and became a Major in the Bengal Staff Corps in 1881. He has acted as Political Agent in Central India. He has been twice married: first, in 1864, to Charlotte Sarah, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sleight; secondly, in 1883, to Ada Twyford, daughter of the late Rev. H. T. Simpson, Rector of Swindon.—Our portraits are from photographs as follows: The Earl by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; the Countess by H. S. Mendelssohn, 27, Cathcart Road, South Kensington, W.

KREMSIER, THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE EMPERORS

KREMSIER, where the Emperors are about to meet, is on the route from Vienna to Breslau and Berlin. The Palace is situated in a noble park, about 400 acres in extent, laid out with grand alleys, copses, lawns, and a large sheet of ornamental water. The Bishops and Archbishops of Olmütz have had a residence on this spot since 1131, but

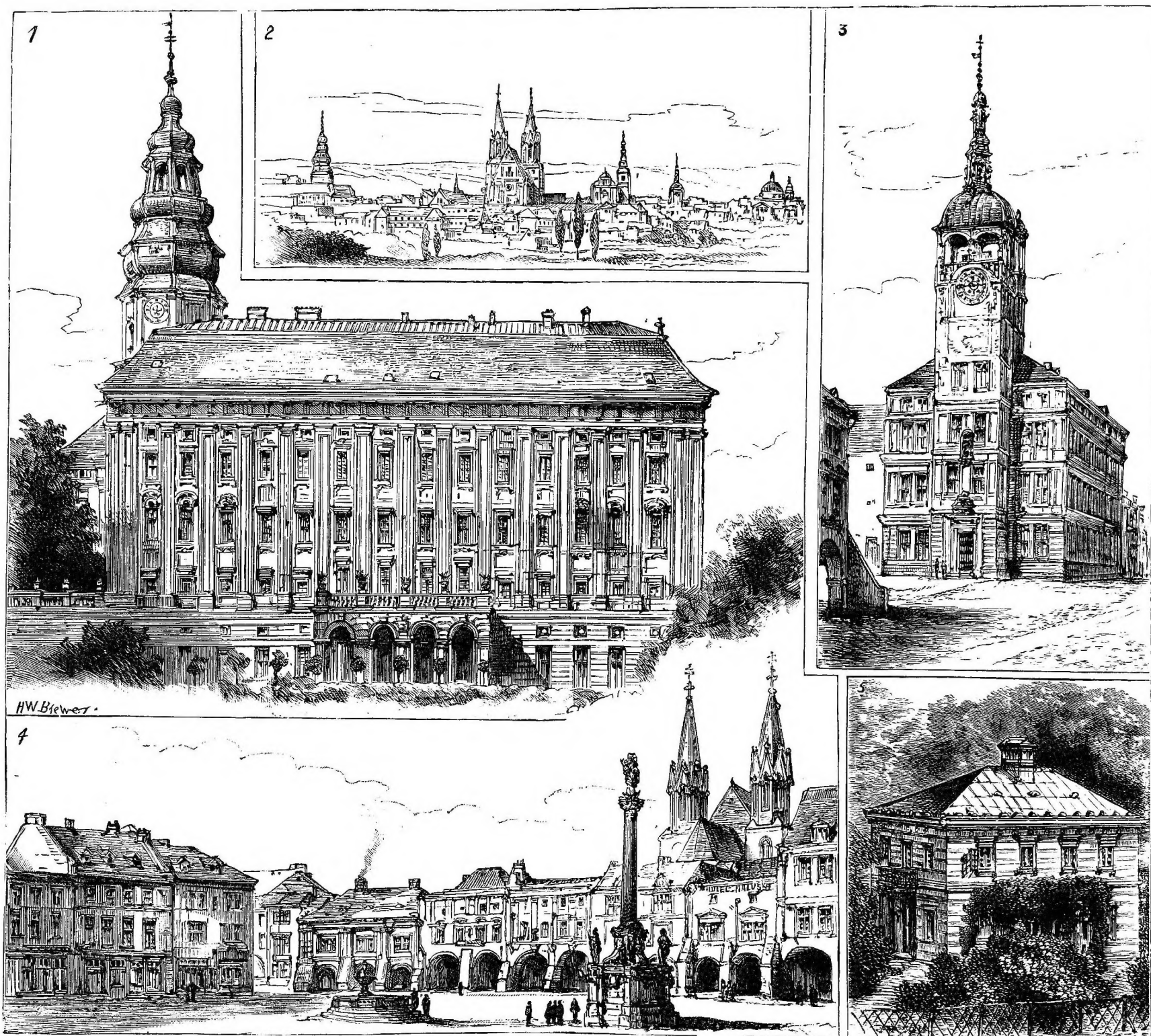


THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE



THE COUNTESS OF LAUDERDALE

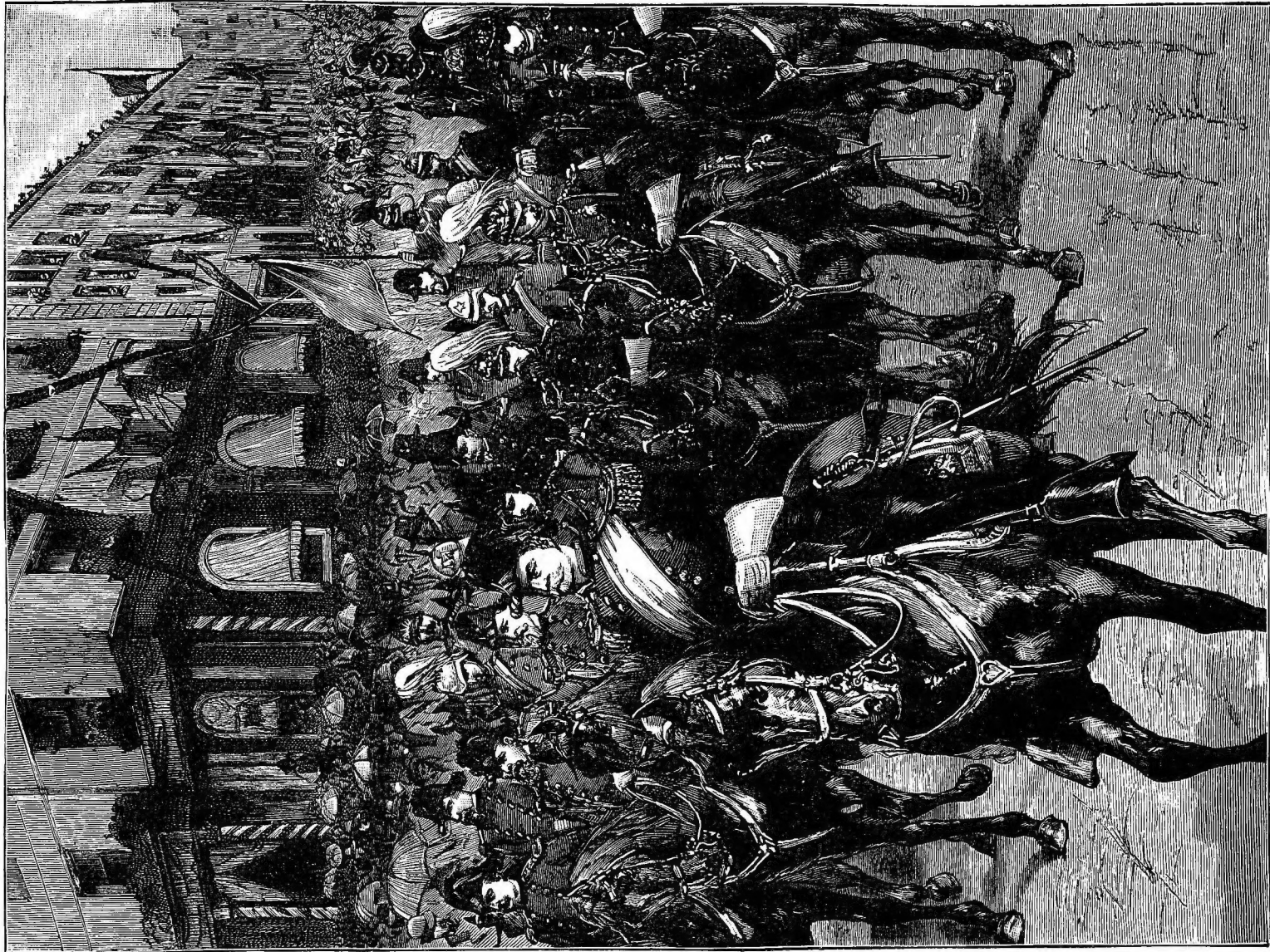
THE LAUDERDALE PEERAGE CASE



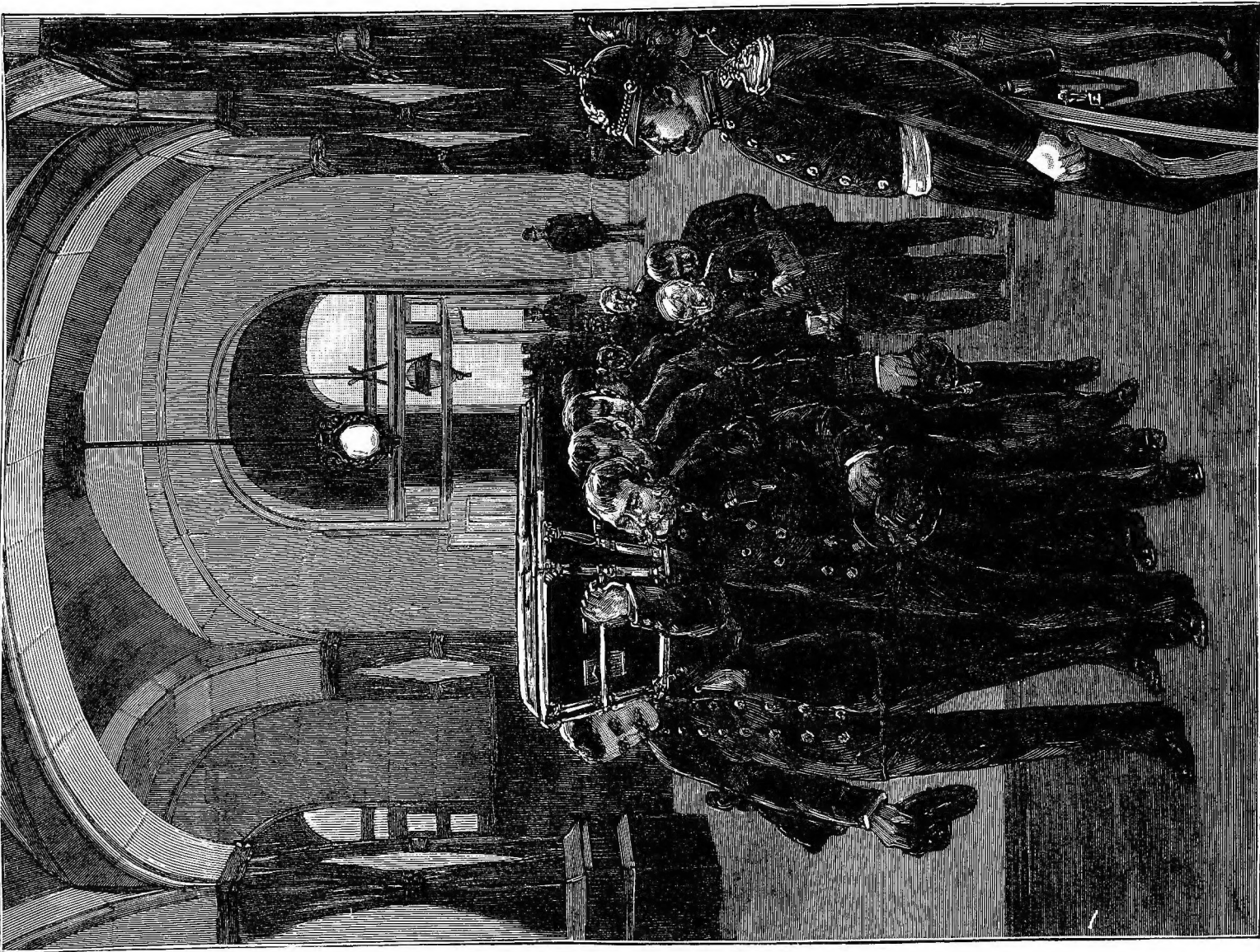
1. The Garden Entrance of the Archbishop's Palace, where the Emperor of Austria and the Czar will Reside.

2. General View of Kremsier.
3. The Town Hall of Kremsier.4. The Market Place, Kremsier.
5. The Gardener's House in the Archbishop's Palace, used as the Headquarters of the Detective Police.

THE IMPERIAL MEETING AT KREMSIER



HEAD OF THE PROCESSION IN FIFTH AVENUE. MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK AND STAFF IN FRONT



BRINGING THE COFFIN INTO THE CAPITOL, ALBANY

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GRANT

the present edifice was built in 1691, the old palace, along with the entire town, having been destroyed by fire. Since then this has been the summer residence of the Archbishops of the Diocese, but from November, 1848, to March, 1849, it was used for the sittings of the first Austrian Reichstag. The Palace seems to have been neglected by the present occupant of the See, for Prince Hohenlohe's officials found it in a terrible state of dirt and decay, and have had hard work to get it ready in time for the Imperial visitors.

The Market Place of Kremsier contains a monument to the Virgin Mary. The two spires are those of St. Moritz, the patron saint of the town. The Church was built in his honour by Count Hamilton in 1712.

In the general view of Kremsier the minaret on the left is that added to the Archbishop's Palace by Count Hamilton in 1722. The dome to the right is that of St. John's Church.

The Gardener's House in the Palace will be used during the Czar's stay at the head-quarters of the detective police.

Although the Town Hall of Kremsier looks very old, it was built no earlier than 1802. The Tower was erected in 1822.—Our engravings are from photographs by Sonntag, Kremsier.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN KASHMIR

THE first warning of the terrible series of earthquakes which has wrought such terrible disaster in Kashmir was felt on the evening of May 29th, and as in that region one shock is generally followed by others people were somewhat on the alert. Accordingly at 3.15 on the morning of the 30th a most terrible shock occurred, which caused the chief part of the damage. "From that day," writes, on July 13th, Mr. Edwin G. Johnson, to whom we are indebted for the photographs from which our illustrations are engraved, "no day has passed without repeated shocks, so frequent as to number 150. These fortunately have not been very serious, though from the accompanying sounds like thunder, and the uncertainty of the danger, they were sufficiently alarming. Owing also to the extraordinary angles into which the old shaky houses had been thrown, many of these buildings toppled over whenever a severer shock than usual occurred." As the people were camped out, however, few persons were killed by the later shocks, though the damage to property was incalculable. The total loss of human life Mr. Johnson estimates at 3,200, while 30,000 cattle perished, the great cattle mortality being owing to the fact that at night the animals were housed under the lower storeys of the houses, or in roughly built sheds in the fields. "I have been twice over the districts affected, and even now the stench from the putrid bodies is utterly overpowering. The human bodies have been dragged or thrown into the chasms formed on the hill sides, but the cattle were left behind in the ruins." The towns of Sopoor and Baramoola were completely wrecked, and the inhabitants were living under any kind of shelter which they could put up—mats, boards, old clothes, or boughs of trees. Every European has done his best to afford assistance, especially the missionaries, who have expended all their funds. The Governor of Kashmir also, Diwan Luchman Doos, a native gentleman of high family and good English education, has been most active in promptly arranging for the supply of doctors, tents, money, and food for the sufferers. With regard to our illustrations one represents a fragment of Baramoola, where the river Jhelum escapes from the valley. The hills behind show the deep gorge which is the only outlet for all the waters of Kashmir. "Moore," writes Mr. Johnson, "speaks in 'Lalla Rookh' of the 'palms of Baramoola.' But there are no palms there." Another illustration shows a portion of the bottom of the chasms caused by the earthquake near Laldoor—none out of many which are exceedingly remarkable. In a third may be seen a few native graves containing the victims of the disaster. The bodies of the victims were carried in the matting shown in the centre of the picture, and thrown into the chasms which had been formed in the earth. A little soil was then thrown over them, and a bit of stone placed over the spot to show where the ill-fated Kashmiri shepherds had found their last resting place.

THE BATTLE OF FOX HILLS

THIS mimic engagement took place at Aldershot between two sections of the Volunteer Forces encamped there. The troops were divided into a Northern and Southern force, the former being commanded by Major-General Cooper, and the latter by Major-General Dunne. The total force on the ground was over 9,000 men, with 1,000 horses and forty-four guns. The sham fight lasted for an hour and a half. The general idea was that an army, moving from Farnham to Guildford, had detached a strong column of all arms to occupy the Fox Hills, and cover its left flank from a hostile force believed to be advancing from the direction of Chobham. The Southern force represented the enemy marching on Guildford; they were to seize the Fox Hills, and, if possible, destroy the bridges across the canal; while the Northern force were to advance and delay the enemy's movements, but, if strongly opposed, to withdraw slowly across the canal. This latter was what actually happened, for the Northern force was very inferior in strength to its opponent. The battle was followed by a march-past before Lieutenant-General Anderson. The troops were under arms six hours.

DRULANRIG CASTLE

See page 209.

LORD HALIFAX

THE VETERAN Liberal statesman, Viscount Halifax, died on August 8th, in his eighty-fifth year. In 1832, during the Premiership of Earl Grey, whose daughter he married, he was appointed Secretary to the Treasury, and he held office in every Liberal Administration up to 1874. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord John Russell's Administration of 1846-1852, became President of the Board of Control in Lord Aberdeen's first Administration, and in the second he was the first Secretary of State of India, after the abolition of its double government. He held this important office until 1866, when he resigned it from a consciousness of failing strength, and was raised to the Peerage. In Mr. Gladstone's first Administration he filled, from 1870 to 1874, the less burdensome office of Lord Privy Seal, and since then his advice has been frequently asked, it is understood, by his former chief. He is succeeded in the Peerage by his eldest son, the Hon. Charles L. Wood, so well known as the zealous President of the English Church Union.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Arthur Lucas, 37, Duke Street, Piccadilly, W.

SIR HARRY S. PARKES,

HER Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at Peking, died suddenly in that city on March 23rd. He was a son of Mr. H. Parkes, of Birchill Hall, Stafford, and was born in 1828. He entered the Civil Service in 1842, and was attached to the suite of the late Sir Henry Pottinger in June of that year. He acted as interpreter at Foo-chow-foo, and in the same capacity at Shanghai up to April, 1848, and was appointed interpreter at Amoy the following year. He was sent to Formosa to distribute rewards to the Chinese in 1851, and was appointed in February the same year interpreter at Canton. In August, 1854, he was appointed Consul at Amoy, accompanied the late Sir John Bowring to Siam in March, 1855, and arrived in England with the Siamese Treaty, and returned with the ratifications in January the following year. He was Acting

Consul at Canton from 1856 to 1858, when he was transferred to Shanghai. Sir H. Parkes was British Commissioner to the Allied Commission at Canton, and in the following year was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath (Civil Division) in recognition of his services. He was next attached as Joint Chinese Secretary to the late Earl of Elgin's Special Embassy in China, and was employed on various important occasions during the operations which took place in Peiho in 1860. He accompanied Vice-Admiral Hope in his advance upon Tientsin in August, 1860, and rendered good service in making arrangements for the reception of the allied troops and Ambassadors. He was taken prisoner in September, 1860, by the Chinese at Tungchow, while engaged in negotiations under a flag of truce, and was imprisoned and inhumanly treated till he was released on October 8th in that year. He continued with the late Earl of Elgin's Embassy till his lordship left China in February, 1861, when he returned to his duties at Canton. Sir H. Parkes accompanied the Expedition, under Admiral Sir James Hope, up the River Yang-tse-Kiang in 1861. In May the following year he was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. In March, 1865, he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary and Consul-General in Japan, from which he was transferred to China in 1883; and last year he was appointed also Ambassador to the King of Corea. The distinction of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George was conferred upon him in 1881. Sir H. Parkes married, in 1856, Miss Plumer, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Plumer, of Canons Park, Middlesex, and granddaughter of the late Sir Thomas Plumer, Master of the Rolls, which lady died in 1879.

"In Sir Harry Parkes," observes the *Times*, "we have lost, not merely a rare Chinese scholar and an experienced Eastern diplomatist, but a man of high courage, inflexible resolution, and unwavering confidence in the destiny of England, of which he had so long been an illustrious representative. No other member of our Consular Service had the same close connection with so many of the most striking and important personages in the most critical period of our relations with China, and throughout them all he bore himself with credit to himself and with advantage to his country."—Our engraving is from a photograph by Abel Lewis, Douglas, Isle of Man, copied by Carlton and Sons, 8, High Street, Horncastle.

LORD HOUGHTON

A FAMILIAR and most agreeable figure in English, it might almost be said, in European society, has disappeared with Lord Houghton, who died in his seventy-third year, of angina pectoris, at Vichy, on Aug. 11th. The son of a Yorkshire country gentleman, Richard Monckton Milnes entered Parliament, in 1837, as member for Pontefract, and a Conservative, but became a Liberal with the secession from Conservatism of other of Sir Robert Peel's followers after the repeal of the Corn Laws. His peerage he received from Lord Palmerston in 1863. From an early age he made a point of knowing everybody who was either notable or socially notorious, and he delighted as a host to bring together notabilities of the most diverse kinds at a breakfast-table which was long one of the institutions of London society. He was a kind friend to struggling men of letters, and he was a philanthropic legislator. Lord Houghton founded the Newspaper Press Fund, and originated the Bill which first established reformatory schools for juvenile criminals. Besides writing poems, travels, pamphlets, he was the biographer of Keats, and published some years ago an interesting volume of "Monographs," and at the time of his death was preparing for publication a volume of personal reminiscences. He married, in 1851, a sister of the present Lord Crewe, and lost her in 1867. He is succeeded in the peerage by their only son, the Hon. Robert Milnes, the accepted Liberal candidate for the Barnsley division of the West Riding.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.

THE GUARDS' CAMP ON MOUNT TROODOS

"My sketch," writes a military officer, "shows the Camp of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards on Mount Troodos, Cyprus, more than 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. The soil here is red earth, covered with rocks and loose stones, fir trees grow all over the mountain despite the wilful destruction carried on previous to the British occupation; now there is a heavy penalty for damaging trees. The officers' tents are in the foreground, the men's to the right, the Coldstream camp is just visible through the trees, and the Scots Guards are encamped on the hill which forms the back ground of the sketch. Fine as the climate is, and lovely as the views are, the Brigade of Guards will gladly welcome the orders for Home (when they come!) as the absence of any amusement and the occupation of trying to kill time is very monotonous."

THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET ENTERING CORFU HARBOUR

THIS sketch represents a visit of the Mediterranean Fleet to Corfu last month, and as a powerful Italian squadron was in the harbour at the same time the little town witnessed a formidable naval display. The British vessels were the *Alexandra* (12 guns, Captain Rawson, flagship of Admiral Lord John Hay), *Téméraire* (8 guns, Captain Domville), *Superb* (16 guns, Captain Cleveland), *Thunderer* (4 guns, Captain Stephenson), *Dreadnought* (4 guns, Captain Bedford), *Dolphin* (4 guns, Commander Wilmot), *Helicon* (despatch-boat, Commander Winsloe), *Coquette* (3 guns, Lieutenant Crowe). The Italian fleet consisted of the well-known *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, the *Bansan*, *Roma*, and *Affondatore*. During the stay of the fleet at Corfu a grand sham fight was held, the British force being divided into two portions—relatively to attack and defend Vido Island, which may be seen in the sketch on the left of the fleet. During the operations the new uniform for naval officers proved a great success, writes the officer who sends us the sketch, "being cool, and suited to rapid movement."

VIEWS IN SALT LAKE CITY

SALT LAKE CITY is the chief town of the Territory of Utah, United States, with a population of 25,000. It is situated 4,600 feet above the level of the sea. The streets are 130 feet wide, and run at right angles. They are shaded on each side with cottonwood, mulberry, poplar, maple, and other trees; while through each thoroughfare runs a stream of pure mountain water. The city is situated on the east bank of the Jordan, twenty miles south of Salt Lake. The chief buildings are the great Mormon Temple, Tabernacle, theatre, and Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. The residences of Brigham Young were the Lion and Beehive houses, but just before he died he erected a stately mansion for his favourite wife, which is now known as the Amelia Palace. The Temple is expected to be completed in about three years—it has already cost two millions of dollars, and was commenced about thirty years ago. It is built of solid white granite. When finished it will be as massive a building as there is in the United States.

The Great Salt Lake is seventy-five miles long, and from fifteen to thirty broad. It is said to contain six times as much salt as a proportionate extent of ocean. During the summer months there are excursion parties every day to the lake, as the fare is only half a dollar for the round trip of forty miles.

The climate of Salt Lake Valley is cold in the winter with plenty of snow, but extremely hot in the summer; the nights are cool and refreshing. The polygamist, as a rule, has property, and owns a house before he takes a second wife or more. In respect to the

general morals they may be said to be about the same as those of any old and well-regulated city of the Eastern or Western States.

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 217.

INDIA—HUNTING THE RAVINE DEER

THE Ravine Deer—popularly, though erroneously, thus called throughout India, is the Indian gazelle (*Gazella Bennettii*) the native name being chikara. Not, however, that the prefix of "Ravine" is inapplicable, for Colonel Kinloch tells us, in his admirably compiled and illustrated work "Large-Game Shooting" (W. Thacker and Co.), that, although frequently found on open plains, the Indian gazelle is undoubtedly partial to broken and slightly hilly ground much intersected by ravines. These gazelles are distributed throughout the drier parts of India, but are common in the rocky and sandy districts of the North-West Provinces, and abound in the Punjab. Their favourite haunts are extensive wastes of sandy or rocky ground, sprinkled with low bushes, and interspersed here and there with patches of cultivation. Thick jungles they avoid, and during the day they resort to secluded spots where they cannot be molested, but in the evening they frequently repair to fields of young grain, often near a village. In some places they are very wild, while in others they will allow the sportsman to approach within easy range. On open plains the best way of getting within shot of them is under cover of a steady shooting horse. As they afford but a small mark, and seldom remain still very long, quick as well as accurate shooting is required, and beginners in the art of rifle-shooting find them excellent practice. In some districts the gazelle is hunted with the hawk; the bird, however, cannot kill a gazelle, but is assisted by greyhounds, which pull it down after the hawk has confused and stunned its quarry.

"A PARTING"

WE may hope that such a pathetic little incident as that which is represented in this picture occurs more frequently than the world in general imagines. A lady goes to the butcher's shop to order dinner, and almost forgets that the joints of beef, mutton, veal, and lamb, which she sees hanging around her, belonged only the other day to living creatures not so much less capable than herself of feeling and inspiring affection. This remark especially applies to those domestic animals, such as lambs and calves, which are destined to die young. As in the case before us, many a little lad or lass, not yet case-hardened by contact with the world, must feel a bitter pang at parting with a pet who has gradually come to seem almost like a human companion.

THE ISLAND OF MARKEN, ZUYDER ZEE

"WHILE on a visit to Amsterdam," writes M. Adrien Marie, our artist, "some friends and myself determined to visit the Island of Marken in the Zuyder Zee, a trip which few tourists ever undertake, but which is well worth the time if only to see the seventeenth-century costumes of the inhabitants. Having chartered a steamer we set forth up the Y, and on our arrival at the island were struck with its treeless aspect—strangely contrasting with the well-cultivated fields to which we hitherto had been accustomed in Holland. On landing we engaged a hump-backed man, who offered to show us over the island, and were speedily led to the principal village. There are seven villages or groups of buildings in Marken, where the houses are of tarred wood, and raised from the ground as a precaution against inundations. Our entry into the village put to flight a troop of children, whose variegated costume had aroused our curiosity. Some women, however, remained behind, and afforded us a glimpse of their truly original costumes. The Marken headdress is a species of mob-cap, or white mitre, worn over a coloured cap, the edges of the latter projecting outside. From this juts out a fringe of hair over the forehead, while from each side hang two corkscrew curls. Nearly all the women are fair. The remainder of the costume consists of a coloured skirt, with a bodice of the same colour, the sleeves being striped red and white. On the breast is worn a front richly coloured and ornamented with ancient designs. On their feet they wear enormous sabots.

"We could only judge of the men's costume by that of our guide, as he was almost the only man who was not at sea. He wore a blue jacket and enormous breeches, with black stockings. The men of Marken, who are all fishermen, are away the whole week, and come on shore only on Sundays, so that the women execute all the manual and agricultural labour. In the interior we came upon two women energetically white-washing a ceiling like trained decorators. The floors of the houses are painted brown, and we felt ashamed at having to soil their purity with our dirty boots. The natives always take off their sabots before entering—an example we unfortunately could not follow. The walls are painted yellow and ornamented with Delft china, while the furniture was admirably carved in the Renaissance style. The spoons are neatly hung on a rack, the brilliantly polished copper utensils are on the sideboard—in fact the whole interior literally shines with cleanliness. The population of Marken is apparently vigorous and healthy, to judge from the women, and a few old men we saw who had remained robust notwithstanding their age. The children are hearty, but nevertheless the islanders are exceedingly badly off, fish being their sole food. They rarely drink either beer or spirits, but chiefly tea and coffee. The men are exceedingly sober, and regard it as a crime to visit the grog-shops too often—indeed there are only four in Marken. The religion of the inhabitants is Protestant, and they only marry amongst their own community. We would fain have lingered to study the habits and customs of the good islanders, but as we had to return to Amsterdam that evening, we re-embarked on board our little steamer with keen regret, carrying away a pleasant remembrance of so much unexpected brightness and picturesqueness."

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LIVERPOOL

See page 222.

NOTE.—With regard to our recent illustration of Mr. Farmer's farewell concert at Harrow, we omitted to mention that the sketch of the "Custos" was from a photograph by Mr. R. M. Meyer, one of the boys, and the first Harrovian amateur photographer.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased considerably last week. The deaths numbered 1,472, against 1,720 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 352, and 151 below the average, while the death-rate fell to 18.8 per 1,000. There were 12 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 7), 222 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 87), 5 from cholera or choleraic diarrhoea (a decline of 6), 49 from measles (a fall of 9), 44 from whooping-cough (an increase of 3), 13 from diphtheria (a decrease of 7), 13 from enteric fever (a rise of 3), 9 from scarlet fever (a decline of 11), 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever (a fall of 3), and 3 from typhus (an increase of 3). The fatal cases resulting from diseases of the respiratory organs declined to 162, from 184, and were 29 below the average. 55 deaths were caused by violence, and 45 of these were due to negligence or accident. There were 2,885 births registered, an increase of 721, and 341 above the average. The mean temperature was 59.6 deg., and 2.9 deg. below the average, while there were 48.4 hours of bright sunshine in London, against 62.1 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.



MR. GLADSTONE AND THE "SUNBEAM" have been heard of at Bergen. The ex-Premier's health is already much improved by his trip. Speaking at Wrexham this week, Mr. Osborne Morgan jubilantly announced that "the magic voice of Mr. Gladstone was restored to its former vigour, and would sound like a trumpet-call once more from John O'Groat's to the Land's End."

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND has been appointed Secretary of State for Scotland, an office created, or revived, by a Bill which the late Government introduced, and which, adopted by the present Government, was passed during the Session of Parliament just expired. Duke of Gordon as well as of Richmond (his Grace is descended from the old Duke of Gordon), and the owner of large estates in Banffshire, he is intimately connected with Scotland. The Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Edward Stanhope, succeeds the Duke of Richmond in the Presidency.

A MARRIAGE is arranged between Sir Charles Dilke and Mrs. Mark Pattison, widow of the late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD that prominence has been given to this announcement in consequence of the threatened action in the Divorce Court in which Sir Charles Dilke has been made a co-respondent, and which was referred to in our columns last week. At a crowded meeting of the Council of the Chelsea Liberal Association, on Tuesday, a resolution was unanimously carried, accepting Sir Charles's statement that he is innocent of the charge brought against him, declining to consider the advisability of a temporary severance from him, and pledging the meeting to exert itself to return him triumphantly at the next election.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL addressed a meeting at Chelmsford on Wednesday in support of the Conservative candidate for Mid-Essex, and defined the policy of the Conservatives to be the promotion of measures for the benefit and improvement of the working classes, and such as would conduce to the benefit of the community at large.

SIR W. HART-DYKE, the new Irish Secretary, has been making an electioneering tour in North-West Kent, for which he is a candidate. In his speeches he laid great stress on the policy of conciliation to Ireland adopted by the new Government. At Swanley on Tuesday he pronounced against a duty on corn, but, referring to the complaint of the Kentish fruit-growers that their products were forestalled by the foreigner's, he expresses himself in favour of an import duty on "luxuries of that kind." He was prepared to support any good scheme for the redemption of extraordinary tithe, the levy of which seems to be peculiarly a Kentish grievance.

SPEAKING AT HERNE BAY, Mr. Akers-Douglas, M.P., the senior Conservative Whip, stated that the members of the new Government had dispensed with the services of some seventy-five detectives in London alone, who had been in the habit of escorting their predecessors in office to their homes every night.

LORD CARNARVON has recovered from his illness, and is making a Viceregal tour in the West of Ireland, receiving and replying to loyal addresses, and being cordially welcomed by all classes.

AT VARIOUS RECENT MEETINGS of the Irish Nationalist League of England and Scotland, its members have been advised to vote for Conservative against Liberal candidates, and in some instances the Conservatives have been complimented at the expense of their political opponents. This view of parties seem to have irritated Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who, addressing on Sunday a large gathering on Tower Hill of Irish residents in the Tower Hamlets, denounced the Conservatives and Liberals with considerable impartiality. If they were to vote for the Conservatives, he said, it was not because they loved them, but because they hated the Liberals more.

THE FREE LAND CLUB, the objects of which have been previously indicated in this column, held its first general meeting on Tuesday, when it was decided to invite its originator, Mr. Arthur Arnold, M.P., to accept the office of President. The list of members of Council, which cannot be called imposing, includes the names of several Liberal M.P.'s.

A SECOND REPRESENTATIVE OF LABOUR, in the person of Mr. C. J. Drummond, Secretary of the London Society of Compositors, has been added to the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade. The Commission has also been joined by Mr. Slater-Booth, M.P., who was President of the Local Government Board in former Conservative Ministries.

MR. A. L. HALIBURTON, Director of Supplies and Transports, who has just been made a K.C.B., is a son of the late Judge Haliburton, the creator of "Sam Slick."

DURING THIS, the second week of the Camp of Instruction at Shoeburyness for representatives of Volunteer Artillery Brigades, there has been a change in the *personnel* of the detachments. The first prize in the shell competition was won by the second detachment of the First Shropshire (Shrewsbury), which also wins the Cinque Ports Challenge Cup for the 64-pounder in the two weeks. The first prize in the competition with the 40-pounder breech-loading Armstrong at 1,700 yards was won by the second detachment of the First Gloucester (Bristol), and the Chester detachment of the Chester and Carnarvon carried off Scotland's Cup with money prizes attached, which falls to the highest scores of the detachments in the shell competitions of the two weeks. Her Majesty's prize of 100*l.* was won by No. 4 Detachment of the 3rd Middlesex, which also won the prize for the highest aggregate score during the meeting with the 40-pounder. The Prince of Wales's prize fell to the No. 2 Detachment of the 1st Shropshire and Stafford. The 1st Essex, No. 1 Detachment, carried off the Harcourt Challenge Cup for combined scores at shooting and repository work along with soldierly conduct.

FROM A BLUE BOOK just issued by the Metropolitan Board of Works it appears that the rate levied has been more than trebled during the thirty years of its existence, having been 2*09d.* in the pound in 1856, and being 7*3d.* for 1886.

MR. RUSKIN is reported to be progressing towards convalescence. THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE of several serious fires in London on Tuesday was one which broke out at three in the morning in the store warehouse of Messrs. Thonet Brothers, bent wood manufacturers, Bucknell Street, W.C. A large force of engines and men of the Fire Brigade was soon on the spot, but before the fire was subdued the contents of the store house were burned out, and the conflagration extending to New Oxford Street several warehouses and shops sustained serious damage.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his fiftieth year, of Lord Ernest Vane-Tempest, son of the third Marquis of Londonderry, who after serving in the 2nd Life Guards and the 4th Life Dragoons, joined as Colonel Stewart the Federal Army during the Civil War in the United States, and was present in many of the engagements on the banks of the Potomac; in his sixtieth year, of Sir Charles Cuyler, Bart., formerly Receiver-General of Trinidad; in his sixty-fourth year, of Vice-Admiral J. J. Kennedy; of the Rev. Dr. Griffiths, from 1871 to 1881 Warden of Wadham College, Oxford; of Alderman Muspratt, since 1868 continuously Mayor of Flint,

senior partner in the Flint Chemical Works; of Mr. Harry Jackson, the actor, whose original name was Jacobson, best known as a successful personator of Hebrew characters; and, in his eighty-third year, of Mr. W. J. Thoms, formerly Deputy Librarian of the House of Lords, and a valued contributor to several departments of literary archaeology, but best known as the originator and first editor of *Notes and Queries*, and by his stringent and sceptical criticism of alleged centenarianism, a subject which he elucidated in a work on "The Longevity of Man." On retiring in 1873 from the editorship of *Notes and Queries*, he was entertained at a complimentary dinner by his literary friends and admirers, who presented him with a handsome testimonial. He resigned his post in the Library of the House of Lords in 1882, after sixty-three years of public service, begun as a clerk in the Secretary's Office at Chelsea Hospital.



ALL the applause—and it was hearty and unstinted—which greeted the appearance of Mr. Wilson Barrett before the curtain at the close of the first performance of the new play, entitled *Hoodman Blind*, on Tuesday evening, could not hide the fact that this latest production of the invention of Mr. H. A. Jones, aided though he has been by the practical knowledge of his collaborator, Mr. Barrett, had caused a certain amount of disappointment. It is beyond question that the trials and troubles of Jack Yeulett, the Buckinghamshire farmer, and his pretty wife, Nance, do not take that firm and steadily increasing hold upon the sympathies of the spectator which was felt in the case of the hero and heroine of *The Silver King*. The scene of the murder and robbery by the two scoundrelly land agents, with which the action opens, is—in its elaborate details, at least—too indirectly connected with the main thread of the story to deserve so prominent a position at the very outset; and this is the more apparent from the very power of the acting of Mr. Willard and Mr. Clifford Cooper. A certain indecision in the exposition of the state of affairs at the farm is also to be noted among adverse influences. The badness of the times, the pecuniary straits of the farmer, the harshness of the land agent and mortgagee, who is determined to foreclose, are set forth with much detail and with marked emphasis. But all this has after all little to do with the pathos of the tale, and serves, indeed, no visible end beyond that of accounting for the circumstance that when the farmer subsequently, in a fit of jealous rage, abandons his home, his wife and child are seen to be at once plunged into a state of poverty no less abject than his own. And when the real story does begin it fails to carry complete conviction, because the deception that is practised upon Yeulett by the Iago of the play is so manifestly unlikely to achieve the complete success which is nevertheless an absolutely necessary condition of the whole superstructure of sorrow and estrangement. That a good and kind husband, happy in the possession of a kind and faithful wife, would be sorely shocked and puzzled at finding a woman closely resembling his wife in form, feature, and voice, bestowing caresses and soft words upon a wandering gipsy in the light of the moon is conceivable enough. What is inconceivable is that something would not reveal to him the presence of a mystification—in spite of the shawl purloined from his house, which the cunning counterpart leaves behind in her flight. There must be a more subtle portrayal of character than anything to be found in this essentially melodramatic work to make it clear how this Othello of everyday English rural life thus "falls in the practice of a cursed slave," and can detect no ring of truth in the earnest protestations of the pure-minded and faithful mother of his child. In brief, the spectator does not quite feel that the situation is true; and this has a necessarily weakening effect upon the impression to be created by what follows. Yet the episodes of London life did undoubtedly interest. Some of them—notably those between Mr. Barrett and the little crippled outcast boy, who lives in a rotten old tub near the river wharf, were extremely fresh and truthful. A most pathetic incident also is the rescue on the Thames Embankment, in which Mr. Barrett with Miss Eastlake play with a degree of force and earnestness and a command over truthful details which is deeply moving. In this scene Miss Eastlake enacts the part of Nance's miserable double—the poor, ignorant, forlorn, neglected woman, whose resemblance to her half-sister has tempted the villain of the play to scheme for the farmer's ruin. The scene itself, admirably painted by Mr. Hanns and most skilfully built up, contributed much to the powerful effect of this culminating point in the story. It is such scenes as these, together with the studies of life in town and country, which seem to redeem in some measure the rather decidedly melodramatic character of the work. Much of all this is unfortunately painful and repulsive, rather than touching; but it is still work far beyond the reach of the average playwright of melodrama. The acting of the numerous subordinate parts which these episodes introduce is generally good. The child parts are admirably played by Miss Clitherow and Miss Carlo; and Mrs. Huntley, Miss L. Garth, Mr. E. Price, and other members of the company contribute valuable aid, which received due recognition at the hands of the audience.

It has been stated that the prices of seats for the forthcoming representation of *As You Like It*, at the MEMORIAL Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, in which Miss Mary Anderson will appear as Rosalind, have been doubled for the occasion. In some instances we believe they have been even quadrupled. So much the better, however, for the funds of the Shakespeare Memorial, to which the entire proceeds are to be devoted. Saturday next has been fixed for Miss Anderson's first appearance.

Messrs. Pettitt and Harris's new romantic play in preparation at DRURY LANE is to be called *Human Nature*. It will be produced on the 12th of September. Scenes of the War in the Soudan are to be prominent features.

TOOLEY'S Theatre, vacated by the popular comedian and his company, who are away upon their annual provincial tour, will reopen this evening under the management of Mr. Duck and Miss Eweretta Lawrence. The latter actress will play in the comedy, entitled *On 'Change*, adapted from Von Moser's *Ultimo*, and recently produced at a *matinée* at the Grand.

The improvements in the interior of the LYCEUM Theatre referred to in Mr. Irving's speech at the close of the season are in active progress. It is satisfactory to think that the occupants of the gallery, who are not the least steady and judicious patrons of the modern drama, have been well considered. The raising of the roof will be favourable alike to the ventilation, and to the view of the stage from that lofty region.

A new romantic drama called *The Devil's Luck*, to be produced at the SURREY Theatre on the 5th of September, is the joint production of Miss L. Tinsley, daughter of the well-known publisher of Catherine Street, in collaboration with Mr. George Conquest, who will play therein a leading part.

Lelio, a new play—or rather adaptation from the French—produced at the OLYMPIC Theatre on Saturday afternoon, proved to be a rather dull concatenation of terrors, and was poorly acted by an inefficient company. It is based on an old French piece entitled *Eva*.

The revival of *Arrah-na-Pogue* at the ADELPHI has proved so successful an experiment that the production of the new drama in preparation at that house appears to be indefinitely postponed.



A FEW WEST-END SQUARES ARE BEING OPENED TO THE PUBLIC while the wealthier inhabitants are out of town. The Duke of Westminster has now thrown open Lower Grosvenor Gardens till the end of September, and his example might well be more widely followed.

COLONIAL ART makes good progress. The South Australian Society of Arts have just opened their seventeenth annual Exhibition at Adelaide, and the quality of the work is said to have much improved. Pictures by students from the local Schools of Painting and Design are especially good.

A LARGE AND INTERESTING TUMULUS has been unearthed at Pitreavie, near Dunfermline, apparently belonging to the stone age, and not less than 2,000 years old. Several cists have been found, one containing human remains, while flint flakes, arrow heads, and various stone implements are plentifully scattered around.

A RAILWAY UP MOUNT PILATUS will shortly be constructed. The line will run close to the summit of the Esel—the highest of the Pilatus peaks, so that delicate and indolent travellers will now be able to survey the Lake of Lucerne and the Bernese Oberland from the opposite side of the Lake to the Rigi. The Esel is 6,695ft. high, just over 1,000 feet above the Rigi.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN BELGIUM must be remarkably safe if we are to trust the statistics issued during the recent jubilee. During the fifty years since the first train ran in the kingdom, the railway companies claim that only twenty-one travellers have been killed through any error or disaster in the railway service itself, although seven and a quarter millions of passengers have been carried over the lines.

MOUNTAINEERING ACCIDENTS are now to be recorded at home as well as abroad. A Sheffield artist, Mr. C. W. Pryor, has been killed among the mountains near Bettws-y-Coed, while a fellow-townsmen, Mr. Griffiths, a few days later, fell from a rock overlooking the Fairy Glen, in the same neighbourhood, and was lost in the torrent beneath. Apparently he turned dizzy whilst looking over. His body has not yet been found.

A WHITE SOUDANESE CAMEL is now in the Zoological Gardens. The creature was captured by an English officer during the battle of Hashin, and has been presented to the Society by its captor, as was the case with a female Soudanese camel caught at Abu Klea last year. "Hashin," as the new acquisition is called, is a handsome male of the fast kind, and being only two-and-half years old has not yet reached full growth.

THE BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION is holding its annual meeting at Brighton. In the absence of its president, the Duke of Norfolk, the inaugural address was delivered by Sir J. A. Picton, who, dealing with the history and archaeology of Sussex, gave an animated description of the Battle of Hastings, and an interesting account of the iron industry of the county, in which there was a furnace at work (near Rye) so late as 1825.

THE COMING BI-CENTENARY of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes will be duly celebrated in London by the Huguenot Society. A Congress will take place in the French Protestant Hospital, Victoria Park, between October 19th and 22nd, when papers bearing on the Act of Revocation and its results will be read, Huguenot songs and hymns sung to old Huguenot tunes, and a loan collection of Huguenot relics exhibited. Contributions towards this collection will be much appreciated.

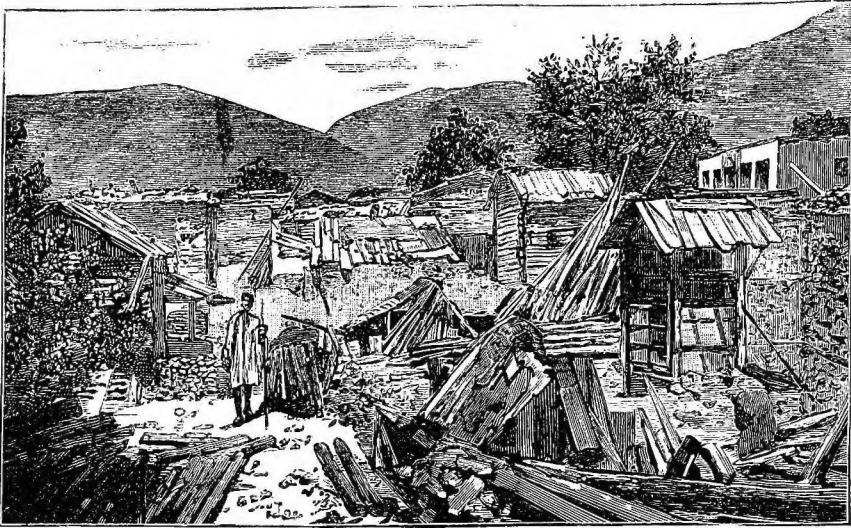
AN INTERESTING STRAW-PLAIT EXHIBITION has been held this week at Luton, Bedfordshire. The straw-plait industry has its headquarters in this neighbourhood, and of late years has fallen into a somewhat depressed condition owing to the bad state of trade, so this Exhibition was accordingly organised to encourage the manufacture, prizes being given for the best specimens of workmanship. The whole process of straw-plaiting and hat and bonnet-making in a Bedfordshire village was illustrated at Luton.

THE ORIGINAL TEXT OF THE FRANCO-CHINESE TREATY OF PEACE, which has just been brought to France, is as carefully hidden from the outside world as a Chinese puzzle enclosed in various boxes. First the Treaty is sealed up in a roll of yellow silk, fastened by gold cords, and secured in a red lacquer box, handsomely decorated with mother-of-pearl, and shut by a gold padlock. This box is placed in a richly-carved sandal wood casket, and this in its turn is finally soldered up in a metal case.

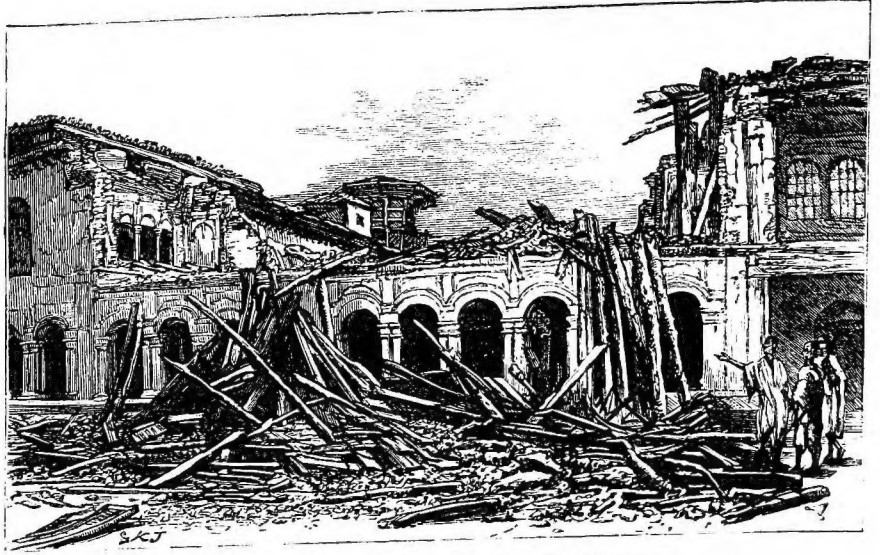
DONKEY-CHAISE RACES are the favourite amusement for Gallic fashionables now ruralising in the various Savoyard resorts. The donkeys are most gorgeously adorned, black steeds having red leather harness with steel ornaments, and the grey asses untanned leather with copper nails. White donkeys are the most precious of all, and their shiny black leather trappings are decorated with coloured wool balls, while finely worked nets hang over their foreheads to keep away the flies, and are edged with coloured bead tassels to match. Their fair drivers adorn their hats in pastoral fashion with bunches of natural corn, oats being preferred as most graceful.

A MONSTER "DEVIL-FISH" HAS BEEN CAUGHT in the Gulf of Mexico, off Galveston, Texas. These creatures are rarely seen in the neighbourhood, but lately a shoal came in-shore, and after much trouble one was caught in a seine. Ropes were put round the fish, and it had to be dragged ashore by horses, as it weighed fully two tons. The catch proved to be a true specimen of the "Cephaloptera Vampyrus"—the vampire of the ocean, and as it lay dead on the beach it exactly resembled an enormous bat or vampire. The fish was 16 feet wide from the extreme edge of the pectoral fins and 14 feet long, while the mouth was 4 feet wide, and was protected on each side by curious appendages like horns with which it seized its prey.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS, where Germany is now stated to have planted her flag, form a large scattered group of coral islets in the Northern Pacific. Lying north of New Guinea, the Caroline archipelago is generally held to include the Pelew Islands, further west, and is divided into three sections under separate chiefs—the Eastern Carolines, the Central Carolines, and the Western, or Pelew Islands. The Carolines were first seen early in the sixteenth century by a Portuguese navigator, and over a hundred years later were named after Charles II. of Spain by Francisco Lazoano, having remained nominally a Spanish possession ever since. Though covering a wide area, the actual land of the Carolines does not exceed 1,200 square miles, including reefs, and the largest island, Ponape, is only thirty-five square miles in extent. Yap is the most important island, and boasts of a fairly prosperous native town, with some little trade, the islanders being great barterers in trepang and cocoa-nut oil for iron goods, tobacco, and spirits. The island vegetation is rich, the soil fertile, and the climate moist and fairly healthy away from the coast, while fish and turtle abound in the surrounding waters, and the harbours are good. Most of the natives are fine, intelligent, brown-skinned Polynesians, chiefly heathen, and lately much deteriorated by the influence of rough whaling crews, who find the Carolines easy ports of call. Some curious gigantic ruins are found on several of the islands, ornamented with rude sculptures similar to those at Easter Island.



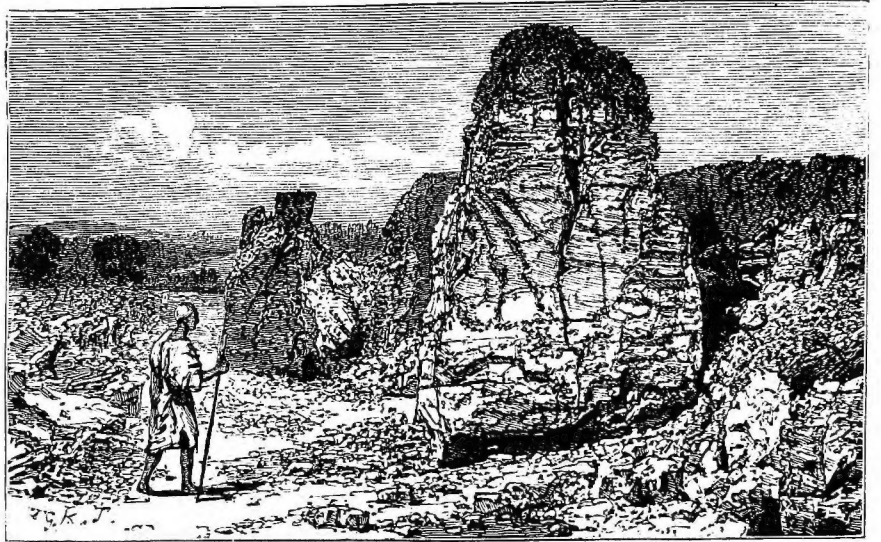
RUINS OF BARAMOOLA



THE DURBAR ROOMS, SHERE GHURIE PALACE



SOME GRAVES IN A CHASM

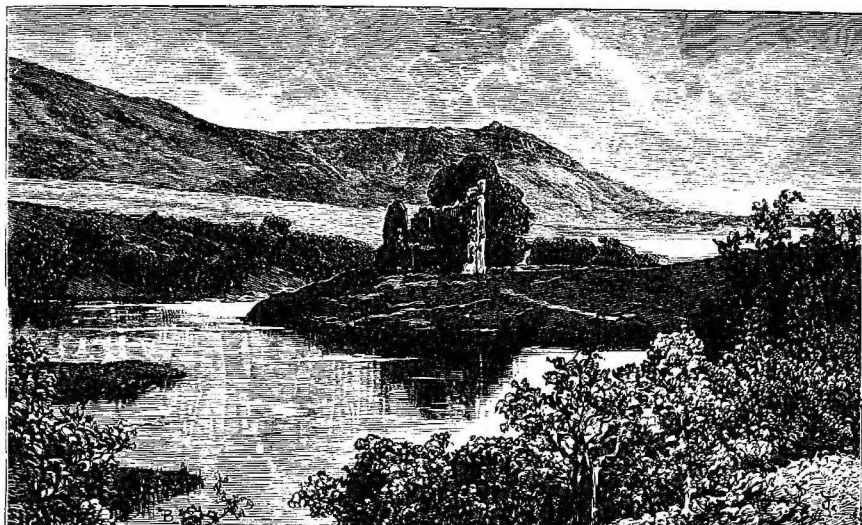


A FRAGMENT SHOWING THE NATURE OF THE CHASMS NEAR LALDOORA

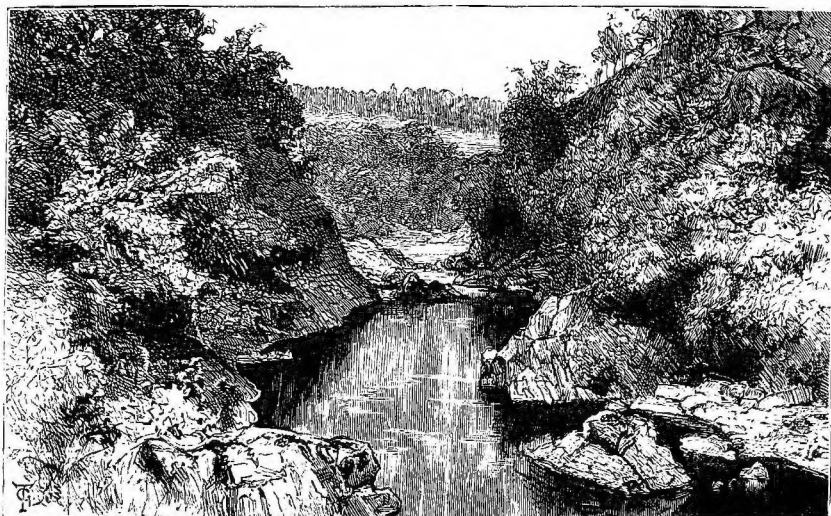
THE EARTHQUAKE IN KASHMIR



THE VOLUNTEERS AT ALDERSHOT—THE BATTLE OF FOX HILL



MORTON OLD CASTLE



ON THE RIVER NITH AT DRUMLARNIG CASTLE

DRUMLARNIG CASTLE

DRUMLARNIG CASTLE and Gardens are situated on the end of a ridge on the right bank of the Nith, about seventeen miles north of Dumfries, and a little to the west of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. The present mansion was built 1679-89 under the direction of William, the first Duke of Queensberry, on the site of an old castle mentioned as early as 1492. Duke William seems to have grudged the expense, as tradition avers he wrote outside the bundle of accounts belonging to it, "The Deil pike out his een that looks therein." The Castle itself is a hollow square,

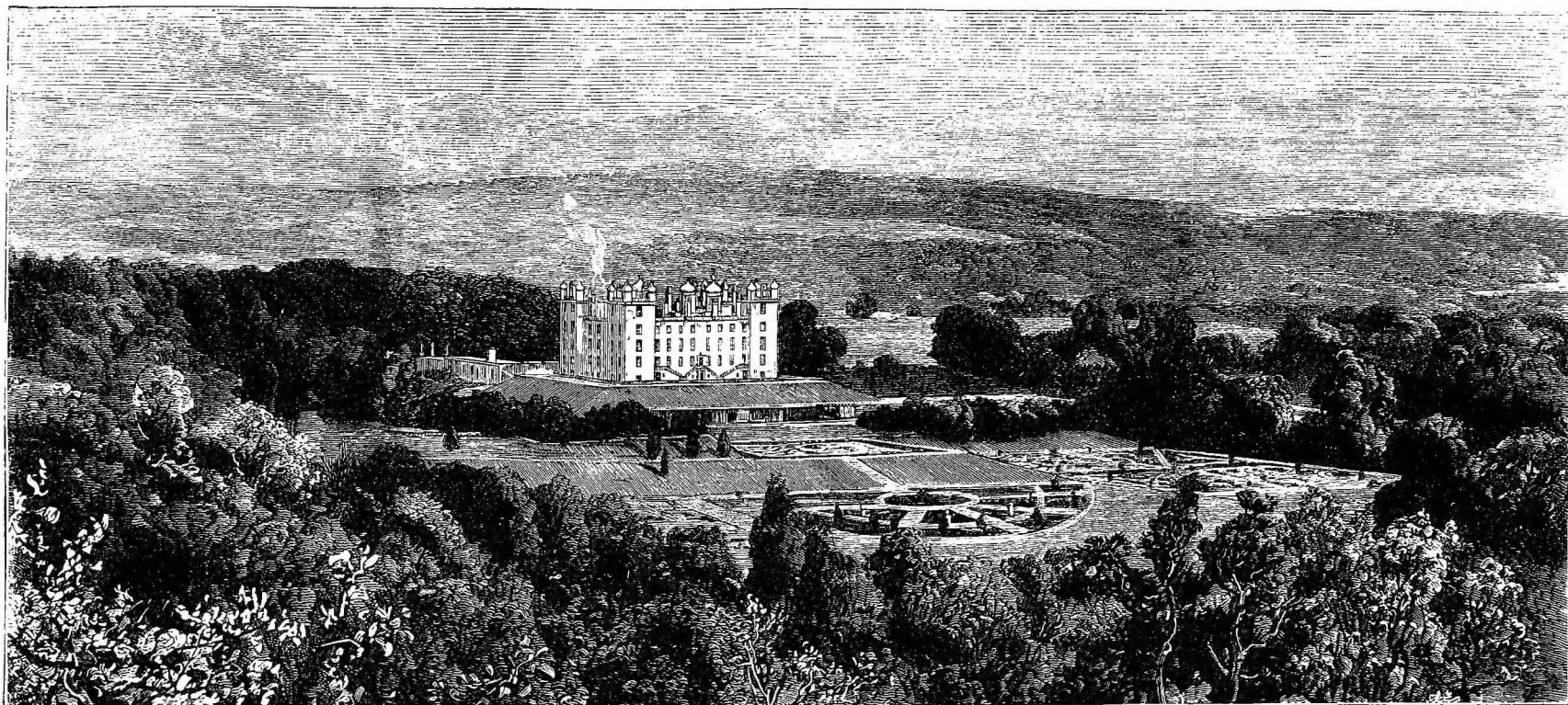
four stories high, surmounted with turrets at the angles, and numbering, it is said, as many windows as there are days in the year. It is a noble and imposing edifice.

The Gardens are a great attraction at all seasons, but chiefly in the months of August and September. They have long been renowned for beauty.

The Castle and adjoining lands passed from the Douglas family to that of Scott. On the death of William, fourth Duke of Queensberry, Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, succeeded as heir in line in right of his grandmother to the titles of Duke of Queensberry, Marquis of Dumfriesshire, Earl of Drumlarnig and Sanguhar, &c.

The interior of the Castle contains some valuable pictures and heirlooms, the most historically interesting being a portrait of King William of Orange mounted on a white charger, after the Battle of the Boyne, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. It is pricked through by the bayonets of the Highlanders who slept in the Long Gallery after their retreat from England in 1745.

The Durisdeer Hills, which occupy the background in one of the engravings, are part of the Lowther, or Lead Hills, which enclose Upper Nithsdale. Their beautifully smooth and rounded contours, from the planing of the ancient glaciers, have excited the admiration of geologists and artists.



DRUMLARNIG CASTLE FROM THE WEST

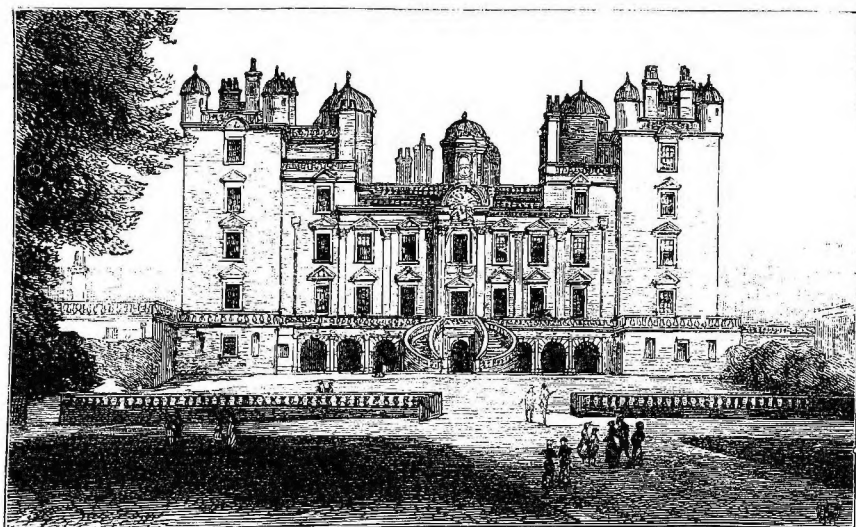
Judging from the well-preserved ornamentation of the principal door, Morton Old Castle must have been built in the times of the Edwards. It is the most imposing ruin in Upper Nithsdale, and must have been almost impregnable to ancient modes of offence. Between the towers the south wall extends 96 feet, and is 36 feet high, the towers being 9 feet higher. Inside there is a huge hall for retainers, 88 feet by 30 feet. Above this was a large reception room, and over these were garrets. It was inhabited and had other outer buildings at the time of Grose's engraving of it, 1790. Place-names in its immediate vicinity are significant. The

"Judgment Thorn," the "Gallows Flat," the "Hangingshaw," and the "Watchman's Knowe" are among them. The loch and moat preventing approach are still visible. It is mentioned in a charter as early as the twelfth century; and after many vicissitudes came in possession of the Earl of Queensberry, 1618.

The scene on the Nith is near the very old Bridge of Drumlarnig. The poets, Wordsworth and Burns, expressed grief and indignation at the merciless cutting down of timber for sale on the estates of the last Duke of Queensberry; but, under the late Duke of Buccleuch, the banks of the

Nith, in the vicinity of Drumlarnig, have all but recovered the glorious greenery for which they were admired of yore, and it is to be hoped the offended genius of the stream is appeased.

The view of Carronbridge village is that of the nearest village to the Castle, with less than 300 inhabitants, chiefly employed in the woods and gardens adjoining. The village is pleasantly situated at the junction of the Carron with the Nith, both fine angling streams. Its station is at the mouth of one of the longest railway tunnels in the Empire, being 4,200 feet in length.



DRUMLARNIG CASTLE—NORTH FRONT



THE VILLAGE OF CARRONBRIDGE, NEAR DRUMLARNIG CASTLE

DRUMLARNIG CASTLE, NITHSDALE, SCOTLAND, SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH



THE regular annual recurrence of Imperial interviews does not lessen their significance to the public mind, judging from the attention bestowed upon the coming interview of the Emperors of AUSTRIA and RUSSIA at Kremsier. Most elaborate preparations are being made for the gathering, and the Czar will be guarded as closely as any dangerous State prisoner. Thus the Austrians at large will see little enough of their guest. He will not even pass through the town on his way to the palace, where soldiers and police will watch every inch of ground. Indeed all official arrangements have been kept so quiet that it is only just formally notified that the Austrian Emperor will visit Kremsier on Monday. The Empress, the Crown Prince and Princess, and a host of Austrian diplomats will be present, while the Czar will bring the Czarina and their two sons, the Grand Duke Vladimir, M. de Giers, and a large suite. Tuesday is the actual time of meeting, when the guests will be amused by military displays, a stag-hunt, theatricals, and a grand Slavonic pageant, and the Russian family leave again next day. As regards the political aspect of the interview there is the usual flood of talk and speculation, while the Austrian Slav party—specially active just now against the German element—try to construe the Imperial meeting as a Slav demonstration, pointing out the preponderance of their nationality among the Czar's subjects. But it is equally remarked that though Germany is not officially represented, Count Kalnoky's recent visit to Varzin has duly enlightened the Austrian Premier regarding the latest Teutonic views on all important subjects, so that the third great Imperial Power is not altogether absent from the conference.

Sir H. Drummond Wolf was expected in TURKEY on Thursday, after a brief stay in Vienna. Turkish attention is thus now entirely concentrated on the relations to be entered into with England, and the Porte appears much exercised what course to adopt. Prince Bismarck refuses to give more than ambiguous advice, while Russia warns Turkey against any British alliance. Nevertheless, it is mainly considered that the Porte will be most unwise to reject the opportunity now offered, and to lose the chance of a better footing in EGYPT by raising unreasonable conditions for her assistance. The Cairo Government anxiously watch the situation, particularly as the rebels in the Soudan seem to be waking up again. The Mahdists have been quarrelling among themselves in Khartoum, and it is confidently asserted that Abdullah Khalifa, the Mahdi's successor, was killed in the riot. Now Osman Digma is believed to have gone to Khartoum, while a strong dervish force is coming down towards Dongola from Berber. The friendlies are alarmed accordingly, and ask for help, but at present the British are still too busy with plans for relieving Kassala. Abyssinia seems more disposed to help in the relief, while the Italian press persistently give details of the intended co-operation of the Italian troops from Massowah. It is suspected, however, that these statements are chiefly meant to divert attention from the distressing condition of the garrison at Massowah, which the Italians have found a very white elephant. It is expected that all the indemnity claims will be settled by the end of this month.

Little fresh transpires respecting the AFGHAN question. The negotiations linger on, while the Russians await the arrival of the engineers charged with compiling an accurate map of the Zulfikar position, and the details of its exact strategical value. All is quiet on the frontier, thanks chiefly to the great heat. On the Persian frontier the Turcomans appear restless at the gradual Russian aggression, and Persia herself is slightly contemptuous of England for her inaction. Indeed, the only activity in the neighbourhood seems at Herat, where the fortifications are still being pushed forward, and a garrison of 12,000 strong will be posted under the command of the Ameer's son. Further south the Bolan railway progresses more rapidly, the cholera having decreased, and Indian circles watch with much satisfaction the preparations for better frontier defence, being especially gratified by the recent official declarations in England on this subject. Probably the Viceroy will shortly make a tour in the frontier districts, and at present the Indian Government itself is busy with army reform. The most salient points are the increase of both native and European soldiery, the pay of the former being raised, and the division of the troops into four army corps instead of the present sub-commands. In domestic affairs fresh earthquakes have occurred in Cashmere, while Lady Dufferin has energetically taken up the scheme of supplying female medical aid to native women, and is strongly seconded by influential natives.

The cholera epidemic in SPAIN remains at much the same average, though occasionally its virulence seems to lessen for a day or two. During the first fortnight in August there were 69,193 cases and 25,322 deaths throughout the kingdom, while the daily bulletin for Tuesday registered 4,271 fresh cases and 1,338 deaths. Happily, some slight improvement appears at some of the worst affected cities, notably Saragossa, but unfortunately Granada is no better. Not yet recovered from the effects of the recent earthquakes, the inhabitants suffer extremely from want, as well as sickness, while the lack of medical help aggravates the distress. To make matters worse, the Seville population and local authorities are so bent on absurd quarantine measures, that they have risen in riot against the Government orders. Troops were brought out, but the opposition continues, and Malaga threatens to follow suit. In Madrid precautions are very severe. Houses and streets attacked are strictly isolated, and bonfires and fumigations are everywhere, yet the epidemic has now gained the better quarters of the city. As yet the disease makes no very great strides in Southern FRANCE, and the daily deaths at Marseilles range between thirty and forty. But typhoid and small-pox also prevail throughout the city, which is nearly as redolent of sulphur bonfires and disinfectants as Madrid. It is feared, too, that the authorities, highly wroth with the Paris Government and doctors in general, conceal the actual returns. Other cases have occurred at Toulon, and there have been three fatal cases of cholera in Gibraltar, and two in the Spanish lines.

FRANCE is also very anxious about the cholera among her troops in Tonkin, where this epidemic has decidedly added to the heavy death-rate caused by colonial disasters. Nor does General de Courcy find it easy to reorganise the administration in Annam and Tonkin, although national susceptibilities will be respected and the Government and army commands will be left to the Mandarins under French counsel. Great honours are to be paid to the chief victim of the Tonkin Expedition, Admiral Courbet, whose body is daily expected at Toulon, while the memory of another prominent French leader, General Chanzy, has been revived by the unveiling of a monument to the General and the Army of the Loire which he commanded in the Franco-Prussian War. A grand military and patriotic festival was held at Le Mans for the occasion, where Ministers spoke enthusiastically of the French military spirit and the benefits of the Republic. Considering Teutonic touchiness, the orators were especially moderate in their remarks on the war, and M. Paul Deroulède, the President of the Patriotic League, was not allowed to speak at all, for fear of uncomplimentary allusions. So the French consider it especially hard that the Germans should choose this

moment for expelling M. Rothan, the well-known Imperial diplomatist and writer, from his estate on Alsatian territory. Although nominated as a Vice-President of the Patriotic League, M. Rothan took no active part in its proceedings, and had even written to Prince Bismarck respecting his stay in Alsace, and had received a satisfactory reply. Bitterly as they feel, the French Press are afraid to speak their mind, and so vent their wrath on England for the supposed murder of Olivier Pain, passing beyond bounds in their abuse. A M. Selikovitch, "ex-Interpreter to the British Army in the Soudan," has given a circumstantial account in M. Rochefort's notorious *Intransigent* of the capture and assassination of the French journalist, and the Paris Press in general reproduced the account with more or less violent comments. But the *Intransigent* followed up the attack by a scurrilous article threatening the British Ambassador, Lord Lyons, and styling him a hostage. Ill-feeling being thus fostered, a crowd collected on Tuesday night in front of the British Embassy in Paris, and cried "*à bas les Anglais*," thus giving an outward demonstration of the prevailing unpleasant attitude of the lower classes and the virulent abuse of the Press towards English people for some months past. Meanwhile it is suspected that Pain is not dead after all, but is identical with the supposed priest, Father Kanovics, arrested as a Russian spy at Cochín some weeks back.

While most French politicians are temporarily taking a holiday and enjoying the races at the Normandy resorts, two electoral parties are active, the Women's League in Paris and the Radical Republican Central Committee, who issue a very sweeping manifesto. Pel, the Montreuil poisoner, has been tried afresh, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Another attack of colonial fever has seized GERMANY. Her small naval demonstration at Zanzibar produced the desired submission, though public opinion in Berlin mainly attributes the settlement to pacific English counsels. Commodore Paschen, the commander of the German Squadron, informed the Sultan of Zanzibar that friendly negotiations would cease if he still maintained his suzerain claims, so Seyyid Burghash meekly yielded after very short deliberation. He has unconditionally recognised the Teutonic Protectorate over all the territories occupied by the Germans on the East African coast, including Vitu, and has withdrawn his troops. It is not quite clear whether this cession includes the Kilima-njaro district, but the Germans are highly delighted with the arrangement, and are lauding England for her kindly offices in the matter. They also take the opportunity to compliment the new British Ministry, and to comment favourably on the Queen's Speech. Following up their Zanzibar success, the Germans next hoisted their flag on several of the Caroline Islands in the North Pacific, which would probably be very useful as outposts for the fresh Teutonic possessions on the New Guinea coast. This step has caused great indignation in Spain, who has claimed the Carolines for the last three centuries, though without actually enforcing her rule. Vigorous protests have been made, and two Spanish men-of-war sent to the disputed point, but Germany replies that she has fifteen trading settlements in the islands, while Spain has none, and further points out that a joint Anglo-German Note was issued ten years ago refusing to recognise the Spanish sovereignty. As yet the Caroline annexation has not been officially sanctioned. Thus policy beyond seas is for the moment more discussed than politics at home, as very little has leaked out concerning the much-canvassed interviews of Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky beyond the fact that the German Chancellor accompanied his guest to the station, and bade him a most affectionate farewell. It is thought, however, that the Premiers agreed upon slight concessions on each side, Germany relaxing her Protective duties, while Austria will modify her new tariff measures.—Emperor William intends to visit Stuttgart in September to witness the chief autumn manoeuvres.—The Telegraph Conference find great difficulty in agreeing on the reform of the present system, and, as at the last gathering in London, object to Dr. Stephan's proposals for a cheap uniform tariff.

The Railway Jubilee in BELGIUM will long be remembered for the splendid historical pageant last Sunday at Brussels, illustrating the means of transport during the different ages of the world. The procession began with the rude raft, sledge, and Nervian chariot of the primitive age, and passed through ten periods, including the times of Charlemagne, of the Crusades, and of the Burgundian, Spanish, and Austrian rule, down to the present railway epoch, when a reproduction of the first Belgian train and the largest locomotive built in the kingdom closed the cavalcade, which was six hours parading the city. Brussels was crammed with spectators, including the Royal Family and the members of the Railway Congress, which had just concluded with a grand banquet. King Leopold has now formally assumed the title of Sovereign of the Independent State of the Congo, but already finds dissension in his new dominions. Thus the Belgian commander of the station Kaerma, Lieutenant Storms, refuses to recognise the Berlin Conference's decision constituting the west banks of Lake Tanganyika the frontier of the Congo Free State, and has proclaimed himself Emperor of Tanganyika.

The Irish party in the UNITED STATES are again becoming lively. A monster revolutionary picnic has been held under O'Donovan Rossa's auspices, where the shining lights of the dynamite faction attended, and amused the public by blowing up models of British men-of-war, the Tower of London, and Westminster Abbey, and effigies of Judge Keogh, Earl Spencer, and Mr. Gladstone. The Irish National League are jubilant at the progress of the Parnellites, and have issued a very boastful address. They promise that, as their numbers will be largely increased in the next London Parliament, and will be well supported through fear, they will be able to throttle English legislation and establish a free Parliament in Ireland. After the British elections the League will hold a Convention in Chicago in January, when Mr. Parnell is expected. The Apache outbreak in Arizona has now been completely crushed.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the naval authorities in ITALY have been scared by hearing that plans of the Italian maritime defences and new ironclads have been handed over to the French Government. Accordingly, the editor of a Roman Clerical journal and a Spezia Government official have been arrested on suspicion.—In NORWAY Mr. Gladstone's coasting trip has done him much good, notwithstanding rough weather. He was at Bergen on Wednesday.—ROMANIA is highly indignant at the suggestion of foreign intervention on behalf of the Jews, and the Press plainly hint that any interference would lead to violent measures against the Israelitish colony.—In CANADA the rebel chief Poundmaker has been found guilty of treason-felony, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.—In SOUTH AMERICA the volcano of Cotopaxi, in Ecuador, has been in serious eruption. The lava stream nearly destroyed the neighbouring town of Chimbo.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Cape Parliament has adjourned without coming to any decision respecting Bechuanaaland, and Sir C. Warren remains there as Protector, with 1,000 police. Zululand is pretty quiet, though the Boers are nearly penniless, and the Zulus steal and kill their cattle; while, in the Transvaal, Mr. Joubert has decided to take charge of the native affairs.

A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF SIBERIAN MINERALS has been presented to the South Kensington Museum by M. Alibert, the well-known traveller. It was first offered to the Munich Natural History Museum, but the authorities delayed their acceptance, and the owner accordingly offered his treasures to England.



AN elaborate Highland welcome is being prepared for the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg on their arrival at Balmoral next Tuesday. As this is the first home-coming of the Princess Beatrice after her marriage, all the inhabitants on Deeside will assemble to greet the Royal party, while at the entrance to the Balmoral grounds a deputation from the tenantry and servants will present the Princess and her husband with an address and a park phaeton and pair of ponies, which the Prince and Princess will then drive to the Castle. In the evening there will be a torchlight procession. Meanwhile Her Majesty remains at Osborne, and after taking leave of Princess Augustus and Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg on Saturday, entertained at lunch Princess Olga, second daughter of Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar. Lord Ashbourne subsequently joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse attended Divine Service at Osborne, where Archdeacon Farrar officiated, while the Dukes and Duchesses of Edinburgh and Connaught, and the Grand Duke of Hesse and his son, went to the Service on board the German frigate *Niobe*, in Cowes roads. Later the Princess of Wales and her daughters visited Her Majesty to take leave, and in the evening Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales on board the *Osborne*. The Queen received Archdeacon Farrar in the evening. On Monday the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Louis of Battenberg spent the day with Her Majesty, while the rest of the Royal party went round the Isle of Wight in the *Victoria and Albert*. Sir Evelyn Wood dined with the Queen in the evening, and next day Lord Salisbury arrived. On Wednesday Her Majesty held a Council.

The Prince and Princess of Wales concluded their visit to the Isle of Wight on Monday. Before leaving Cowes the Princess presented medals and certificates to the officers and crew of the Royal yacht who had passed the examination of the St. John's Ambulance Association, and witnessed some ambulance drill. The Royal party then crossed to Portsmouth, and came up to London, where they were joined by Prince Albert Victor, and went to Drury Lane Theatre. On Tuesday the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Duke of Connaught lunched at Marlborough House, and subsequently accompanied the Prince of Wales, with Princes Albert Victor and George, to Aldershot, where, after dining with the officers of the 10th Hussars, the Princes slept at the Royal Pavilion. Next day they inspected the Hussars and the Rifle Brigade, and visited the Wellington statue, thence returning to town. The Prince of Wales left on Thursday for Aberdeen, where he embarks in the *Osborne* for Norway, and will afterwards go to Sweden and Denmark. The Princess and daughters have gone to Gmunden, to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and will afterwards join the Prince in Sweden. It is reported that the Prince and Princess's visit to Sweden is connected with a proposed marriage between Princess Louise of Wales and Prince Oscar, second son of the King of Sweden; and at all events the King and his sons will meet the Prince and Princess at Stockholm to organise a shooting party. Later on the Prince and Princess go to Copenhagen, where, with the Czar and Czarina and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, they will be present at the formal betrothal of Prince Waldemar of Denmark—the Princess of Wales' youngest brother—and the Princess Marie, eldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres, at the Castle of Fredensborg, on September 7.

The Duke of Edinburgh visited Portsmouth Dockyard at the end of last week, and the Duke of Connaught made a similar inspection on Saturday.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have gone to Aix-les-Bains.—Princess Christian on Saturday distributed the certificates to the successful pupils of the City and Port of London classes of the St. John's Ambulance Association. The Prince and Princess's eldest son, Prince Christian Victor, goes to Oxford on leaving Wellington College, and thence will enter the army.—The Duchess of Albany has gone to Aberfeldie for the autumn.—The Crown Princess of Germany and daughters, are at Baveno, on Lake Maggiore, and will shortly visit the Italian Royal family.—Prince Waldemar of Denmark is in Paris on his way to Dinard to visit his fiancée, Princess Marie, and it is rumoured that the wedding may take place in October. The bride elect is twenty years of age, seven years younger than Prince Waldemar, and is fair, like her future husband. The King of Denmark announced the engagement last week at Gmunden.



THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—The rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival are in progress this week, and next week the performances will take place. This festival is in many respects by far the most important of recent times. Until the celebration of 1882, and for well-nigh forty years, the Birmingham Festival lived largely upon the fame of *Elijah*. The credit for the production of so popular a masterwork is doubtless great, but even the glory of such an achievement cannot last for ever. It is true that Birmingham has ever been foremost in the race for novelties by known musicians. The most important work since *Elijah* which Birmingham has given us undoubtedly is Sterndale Bennett's *The Woman of Samaria*, produced in 1869. Besides this Sir Michael Costa, conductor of the Triennial Festivals from 1849 till 1882, gave Birmingham *Eli* and *Naaman*, Benedict in 1870 composed (but did not personally write the orchestral portions of) his oratorio *St. Peter*, Sir Arthur Sullivan in 1873 wrote *The Light of the World*, Sir George Macfarren, three years later, composed *The Resurrection*, and Herr Gade wrote the oratorio *Zion*. The present popularity of these compositions is within the knowledge of every one, while their ultimate chance of survival, being merely a matter of speculation, may be confidently left to the taste and fancy of those who elect to play the part of amateur prophets. In secular works, however, the Birmingham Festival has been more fortunate. Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron* and Barnett's *Ancient Mariner* are still standard works with choral societies. This year the Birmingham Festival authorities, finding competition great, have plunged into novelties in a manner almost beyond precedent. Detailed criticism must of course be reserved. But it should be said that from the English school they have accepted an oratorio, a cantata, a hymn, a symphony, and a violin concerto, and they have besides commissioned two of the most eminent foreigners of our epoch—M. Gounod and Herr Dvorák—to write an oratorio and a cantata. M. Gounod's *Mors et Vita* is, the composer frankly states, a sequel to the *Redemption*. Like that work it has a fundamental religious plan. Three years ago M. Gounod foretold in his oratorio the redemption of sinful man. In *Mors et Vita* he takes up the career of Man at the gates of Death, tacitly, of course, accepting the *dictum* of a philosopher that death

is merely the most serious event of life. The requiem speaks of death, and M. Gounod in a series of orchestral movements seeks to depict the sleep of the dead, the last trump, and the Resurrection. Further than this, he brings *en évidence* the Supreme Judge who divides the Elect from the Rejected, those who are saved joining in the celestial delights of the New Jerusalem as told in the Vision of St. John. M. Gounod, like every other composer of choral novelties at the present Festival, makes great use of "leading motives," and has himself labelled four of the most important severally the "Anguish of Punishment," the "Sorrow and Tears," the "Happiness of the Blessed" (*i.e.*, the "Sorrow and Tears" motive in the major key, and with but a single note altered), and the "Awakening of the Dead." Herr Dvorák has, in *The Spectre's Bride*, given us so powerful a cantata, that music-lovers will be induced to wish that he had selected a less ghoully subject. The spectre husband—who hurries his affianced bride through fog and morass along a way lined with shrieking owls, croaking frogs, and "corpse candles," to a churchyard—is not a delectable personage, nor, if the music were less highly dramatic, would the audience be serious over the adventures of a bride who is compelled to shut herself in a charnel-house, and sing melodious prayers, while the spectre outside is vainly adjuring a corpse inside to rise and unlock the door. The English novelties are upon more acceptable subjects. Dr. Stanford's *The Three Holy Children* will, despite its defects, probably be considered the composer's finest work. The setting of the Psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," is in almost every respect admirable. Dramatic continuity is afforded by the supposition that the Hebrew women with their harps have been surprised by a party of Assyrian soldiers on their way to the plains of Dura, where Nebuchadnezzar, the King, has set up a golden image of Bel. The trial of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace and their subsequent justification and triumph are described at some length, and the whole concludes with the canticle taken from the "Song of the Three Holy Children" in the Apocrypha, and best known by its inclusion as an alternative to the *Te Deum* in the Morning Service of our Book of Common Prayer. Mr. Cowen's cantata, *Sleeping Beauty*, has been so strangely delayed, that no analysis of the full score will be available at Birmingham. The libretto by Mr. Hueffer is very much open to criticism, and the absurdity with which he makes his heroine pause before "a flight of narrow stairs," in order to sing one of Mr. Cowen's prettiest songs, is strange from a pen which has often satirised the absurdities of our operatic libretti. It will suffice to say that in Mr. Hueffer's work *Beauty* is born, is christened by the fays, and grows to woman's estate. She then is induced by the wicked fay to prick her finger, and sleeps (probably in deference to the unreasoning demands of a Festival Committee) not for a hundred years, but only for a few minutes, until irresistible Valour, in the person of Mr. Edward Lloyd, warbles delicious melodies and awakens her. Mr. Cowen's leading motives include those of the "King's Feast," "Blessings," "Love," "Dance," "Maidenhood," &c. Dr. Bridge's Hymn is a setting of Mr. Gladstone's Latin version of "Rock of Ages." Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's violin concerto contains a restless *allegro*, an expressive *largo* with an effective episode, and a bright finale, altogether a work of a very high order of merit. Mr. Prout's Symphony is, of course, in the orthodox manner. An irreproachable first movement is followed by a melodious *larghetto*, a Spanish scherzo, and a spirited finale. An unexpected novelty is an expurgated edition of *Messiah*, free from the grossly inartistic interpolations and alterations of Sir Michael Costa and others, and now according to the valuable version by Robert Franz. For this we have especially to thank Herr Richter. The band is reduced, and the critics may possibly have to complain of a paucity of strings. But the rehearsals have been far more thorough and searching than usual, and the attendance promises to be the best on record, with the single exception of 1882, when the presence of M. Gounod gave the affair a sort of factitious importance.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. Rosa contemplates a revival of Halévy's *La Juive*, with Mr. V. Smith (Signor Fabritini), and Madame Roze in the chief parts.—The scheme for English Opera at Her Majesty's has been abandoned.—The personal estate of Sir Julius Benedict was sworn over 6,000*l.*—Mr. Willing's choir has been reconstructed as a select choir of 300 voices, under the conductorship of Mr. W. G. Cusins. It will be called the "London Select Choir," and will next season sing at Mr. Austin's concerts at the Albert and St. James's Halls.—There is a report, not however officially authenticated, that M. Gounod may, after all, come to Birmingham to conduct his *Mors et Vita* next week.—Mr. Dexter Smith, editor of the *Boston Musical Record*, is in London, *en route* for the Continent.



THE BISHOPRIC OF SALISBURY, vacant by the death of Dr. Moberly, has been conferred on the Rev. John Wordsworth, eldest son of the late Bishop of Lincoln, Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Scripture in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Rochester. He is only forty-two, and will be the youngest occupant of the English Bench. Mr. Wordsworth has had no official experience of parochial work, and probably owes his elevation to his Biblical, theological, and classical scholarship, as well as to hereditary claims, and to the fact that he is a High Churchman. He had a distinguished career at Oxford, which he entered as a scholar of New College, becoming afterwards a Fellow of Brasenose, of which he is also Chaplain. Admitted to priests' Orders in 1868, he was a Prebendary of Lincoln from 1870 to 1883, appointed one of the Select Preachers to the University of Oxford in 1876, and held the Grinfield Lectureship on the Septuagint from 1876 to 1878; University Preacher at Whitehall in 1879, he was Bampton Lecturer in 1881. His University Sermons and Bampton Lectures have been published. The newspaper notices of his career omit mention of his "Letter to the Church and the University," in which he opposed the abolition of clerical restrictions for fellowships and headships. His chief contributions to classical scholarship are "Lectures Introductory to the History of Latin," and "Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin;" he is at present engaged in collating the various MSS. of the Vulgate. He married a daughter of the late Rev. Henry Cox, the well-known librarian of the Bodleian.

THE VICAR OF PLUMPTON, near Carlisle, issued an address to the newly-enfranchised electors of Cumberland denouncing "the Tories" in language of most unclerical violence, bidding "the sons of toil" not to vote for them, and advising any one of them, if pressed by his master so to vote, to give a promise to that effect with the design of afterwards breaking it. "If he must have an answer," the reverend gentleman wrote, "tell your master a lie with your tongue in preference to marking with your pencil a terrible lie, against yourself, your family, your class, your country, and your God." The Bishop of Carlisle in a letter to the Archdeacon of the Diocese animadverted with natural indignation and severity on this extraordinary monition, and protests against the Vicar of Plumpton's "monstrous utterances," especially "the distinct charge to tell a lie

from one who is bound by all that is sacred to be a preacher of honesty and truth."

PREACHING AT THE OPENING of a new church in Preston, the Bishop of Manchester referred to the possibility of a visit from the cholera now ravaging Spain, and deprecating wailing and vague apprehensions, advised the municipal and other local authorities to see to the cleanliness of their streets, the adequacy of their sewerage and ventilation arrangements and water-supply, and to the prevention as far as possible of over-crowding in dwelling-houses. Cholera, the Bishop said, was a physical disease, which God had placed to a very large extent under their own command.

IN A CIRCULAR to the lay members of the Rochester Diocesan Conference, the Bishop of Rochester points out at some length what he considers would be the results of Disestablishment. With Disestablishment, he says, Paganism would soon recover its ancient and sinister significance; the Church's work would have to be done from missionary centres of celibate clergy, who, if they supplied in some degree the public ministrations of the Church, could in no sense be the pastors of the people. Surveying his own Diocese, the Bishop cannot see how, with Disestablishment, the Church could continue to be maintained in at least thirty-three small rural parishes in Kent and Surrey; some would say in many more.

AT A THANKSGIVING MEETING of the Salvation Army on Monday, to celebrate the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, "General" Booth gave some explanations respecting his alleged abduction of the girl Eliza Armstrong, who, he said, had been rescued by the Salvationists from what they believed to be real moral danger, but whom they were ready to return to her mother if the mother insisted on it.

A VALEDICTORY SERVICE was held in Camden Road Baptist Chapel on Monday, to bid farewell to six new missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society before leaving for the Congo, where that Society has had for years mission-stations established. Appropriate addresses were delivered to and by the departing missionaries.

THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL in the City Road, of which the first stone was laid by John Wesley, was crowded on Sunday last to hear the only sermon which Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, U.S., the Boanerges of American preachers, and defender of orthodoxy against Colonel Ingersoll, would consent to preach during his present visit to this country, as he has come to Europe for rest and recreation.

ON MONDAY the Crystal Palace was the scene of the annual demonstration of the Total Abstinence League of the Cross, founded in 1870 by Cardinal Manning, who presided, accompanied by several metropolitan prelates of his Communion. In the gathering, which was a large one, the Irish element predominated. The proceedings closed with a "march past" of the Cardinal's League Guards, attired in green and gold, on whom, as they defiled before him, he bestowed his blessing.

WITH THE SALMON FISHERS ON THE TAY

A FEW days ago I had an opportunity of spending some hours at one of the salmon-fishing stations on the Tay. It was just on that day that the late extraordinary takes of salmon on the Tay began. The fishermen had been for some time expecting to have a good fishing before the close of the season. Great numbers of salmon were known to be near the mouth of the river, but the long-continued drought had prevented them from ascending the stream. At length the weather broke, and heavy rains fell, and just on the day when the wind and rain were at the worst I found myself at the fishing station. The space filled by the fishing station extended to about a hundred yards along the bank of the river, and for the privilege of fishing within this space during the season the tenant pays a rent of about 25*0l.* When the fishing is in full operation, three cobbles are employed, with fourteen men, and the work goes on at all times of the tide, night and day. The net is a draw net, varying in length from fifty to a hundred yards, and about nine yards deep, so that even when the river is in flood its lower edge can sweep the bottom of the river; while the upper part, floated by corks, is always above the surface.

The coble is rowed rapidly in a semicircle out towards the centre of the river, and then, turning against the tide, back to the shore, and the net is immediately drawn to land, and of course everything that comes within its sweep is drawn ashore with it. From the moment that the coble sets out from the bank till the net is drawn in occupies about twelve or fifteen minutes, according to the state of the tide; and as the work goes on incessantly throughout the twenty-four hours when fish are plentiful, some idea can be formed of the frequency with which every part of the river is swept by the draw net, for the fishing stations are so near each other that when the boats are shooting their nets in the mid stream they frequently come into collision with their next neighbour or with those on the opposite side of the stream, and broken oars, and sometimes broken heads, are the result of these encounters. The fish are most capricious in their movements. Sometimes, when the fishermen expect them with the flood tide, they will perversely put off their appearance to the ebb; and sometimes for hours the nets are drawn blank at one station, while at the very next ten or twelve salmon come in with every shot.

When the fishing is small it is a weary, disheartening, monotonous, work to the fishermen. Hour by hour the work goes on for twelve hours at a stretch, and often, throughout the whole round, not a single fish comes ashore; the net is put in the stern of the boat, run out, drawn in, shaken out, and the result nothing; and this may go on for weeks at a time. Under these conditions nothing can well be more dull and listless than the ordinary conditions of work; but when fish are in the river a change comes over the spirit of the fishers. All is animation, every man is on the alert; keen eyes watch the movements of their neighbours on the opposite side of the river. The rowers in the cobbles ply the oars with a will, and as the net is drawn ashore, the most expert of the men is waiting to lay hold of the fish the instant they are drawn to land, and put them out of pain before they have the chance to mar their appearance by coming into contact with the rough stones on the beach.

When the water is rough and the tides high, the river usually quite overflows the little strip of beach on which the nets are drawn; but if the fish are plentiful, the fishermen quite disregard all the discomfort of their business, and continue to draw in the net till they are up to the waist in water.

The fish, as they are brought to shore, are at once put into boxes; and as soon as the tide will permit are sent to the nearest railway station for Edinburgh, Glasgow, or London; and it is quite possible for a fish to appear in the Central Fish Market in London within fifteen hours of the time it was caught in the Tay.

To the fisherman himself the life is healthy, and even pleasant. The fishing lodge in which he sleeps is not always in the best of order, and his hours of labour long; but the work is not fatiguing, and while the greater number of the men are young and vigorous, in the first strength of youth, it is no uncommon thing for a man to come from year to year, for many seasons, after he has passed middle life.

The principal drawback to the Tay salmon fishers is, that they have steady occupation for only a little over one half of the year. From the first week of February till the third week of August they can count on constant work, but then there comes a long interval of rest. Many of them at once find employment as extra labourers in the harvest field; others again find work in cutting the reeds which

grow along the sides of the river; and a few are always required for the work of preparing for the next season's fishing; but the greater number find it rather a difficult problem to get work enough to fill up the winter.

After a good season there is usually a keen competition for the fishing stations at the annual letting, which takes place in the month of October; and if the rents of the fishing are high, the fisherman expects high wages, but if rents are low, as they have been for a few seasons back, the fisherman must be content to accept low wages.

This season, naturally enough, the immense hauls of the closing days of the fishing have raised the expectations of the fishermen as to the probable result of the coming season; and the proprietors of the fishings may count on higher rents, while the fishermen employed may hope for better wages.

A. C.



LORD COLERIDGE was married last week to Miss Lawford, eldest daughter of the late Mr. H. B. Lawford, of the Bengal Civil Service. This is the second marriage of the Lord Chief Justice, who is in his 65th year.

THE BAR COMMITTEE have unanimously chosen Sir Henry James to be their chairman, in succession to the new Lord Chancellor, at whose suggestion they have selected the Solicitor-General and Mr. W. F. Robinson, Q.C., to represent the English Bar at the Congress on International Commercial Law which is to be held at Antwerp in September.

A PERSON who, not being a solicitor, used without authority the name of a solicitor in a letter written to extract payment of a debt, was summoned by the Incorporated Law Society, and has been fined 7*l.* 10*s.* by the Wandsworth police magistrate.

REFERENCES have been previously made in this column to the litigation arising out of the peculiar circumstances under which Mr. Hillman, an elderly gentleman of means, long resident in Lewes, was forcibly sent to a lunatic asylum, the Commissioners of Lunacy soon afterwards liberating him as sane. Among other legal proceedings taken by him in consequence has been an action against Dr. Crosskey for giving the medical certificate on which he was detained. The action has been tried at the Lewes Assizes, before Mr. Baron Huddleston, and one of the principal witnesses examined was the prosecutor himself, who gave his evidence with the utmost rationality. On the point whether he was not apparently of unsound mind at the date of his detention the evidence was very conflicting. The judge's summing-up and the verdict of the jury were in favour of the defendant. One of the incidents of the case was that, the prosecutor's relatives not caring to interfere, he was necessarily sent in the first instance not to a private, but to a pauper lunatic asylum. This, Mr. Baron Huddleston said, was a detestable state of the law, but one which ought not to influence the jury against the defendant.

IN A RATHER CURIOUS RAILWAY COMPENSATION CASE, tried at Birmingham by Mr. Justice A. L. Smith and a special jury, the plaintiff's husband had met with his death by voluntarily lowering a lift on which he placed his milk cans in order to expedite matters, as he was afraid of losing the train, one of the London and North-Western Company's. He was knocked down by the lift, and died of the injuries received. His widow claimed compensation on the alleged ground that the lift was not in proper working order; the company, on the other hand, contended that her husband's death was due to his own meddlesomeness and negligence. Ultimately it was agreed that the matter should be left to the arbitration of the judge, who gave the widow 500*l.* for herself and the benefit of a son under age.

SOME RECENT demonstrations of the Salvation Army in Derby having given great annoyance, summonses were taken out against several of its members for creating a nuisance, by playing musical instruments in the street. The demonstrations, however, being continued in an aggressive spirit and on a considerable scale, there were early in the week some serious collisions between the mob and the Salvationists, in which the latter were very roughly handled. A Salvationist captain has been fined by the police magistrates 10*s.* and costs, or seven days' imprisonment, and refusing to pay the fine, or to allow it to be paid, he was removed in custody. A similar fine was imposed on one or two assailants of the Salvationists.

AN INQUEST has been held on Mr. Harry Jackson, whose death is chronicled in our *Obituary*. The evidence adduced went to show that he suffered from indigestion and sleeplessness, and was in the habit of taking effervescent morphia lozenges for relief. There had been a post-mortem examination, and the symptoms of his death, according to the medical evidence, pointed to morphia-poisoning as its cause. The jury returned a verdict of death from misadventure, the result of taking an overdose of morphia.



THE TURF.—Like most Northern meetings, that at Stockton-on-Tees produced good sport this week, and the fine weather made the gathering a most enjoyable one. Joshua, the not unhappily if somewhat irreverently named son of the Nun, has been showing some fair form lately as a three-year-old, and beat the favourite Panic and five others for the Trial Stakes; Lord Zetland was to the fore on the first day with Warpath, in the Harry Fowler Handicap, and Amalfi, in the Town Welter Plate, much to the delight of "the Tykes," who love to see the Aske spots in the van, though his lordship's horses are now trained at Newmarket; and the equally popular colours of Mr. Bowes were carried to victory by the top weight, Cardinal Wolsey, in the Cleveland Stakes for two-year-olds. Not for many seasons has Mr. Bowes had such a strong hand of youngsters; and his Jacobite made a splendid bid on the second day for the important Hardwicke Stakes, being only beaten a head by St. Alvere, the pair dividing the favouritship in a field of nine. On the second day, too, Lord Zetland had another winner in St. Helena, who took the Great Northern St. Leger easily enough. This mare, as all followers of the Turf are aware, was almost, if not quite, at the top of the tree among the two-year-olds, but lost her form this year as a three-year-old. Whether she has recovered it sufficiently to win the Leger in the "mare's month" we shall not know till the middle of September, but it looks very likely now that she will get a "place." The Derby winner, Melton, owing to his not having been sent to Stockton, has had another lift in the market for the Doncaster race, and at the time of writing the odds of 5 to 4 are laid on him, and if all goes well with him it is probable he will start one of the hottest favourites on record for that race.—The race for the Grand Prix de Deauville in France created a good deal of interest in this country, owing to the fact that



VISCOUNT HALIFAX
Died August 8, aged 84



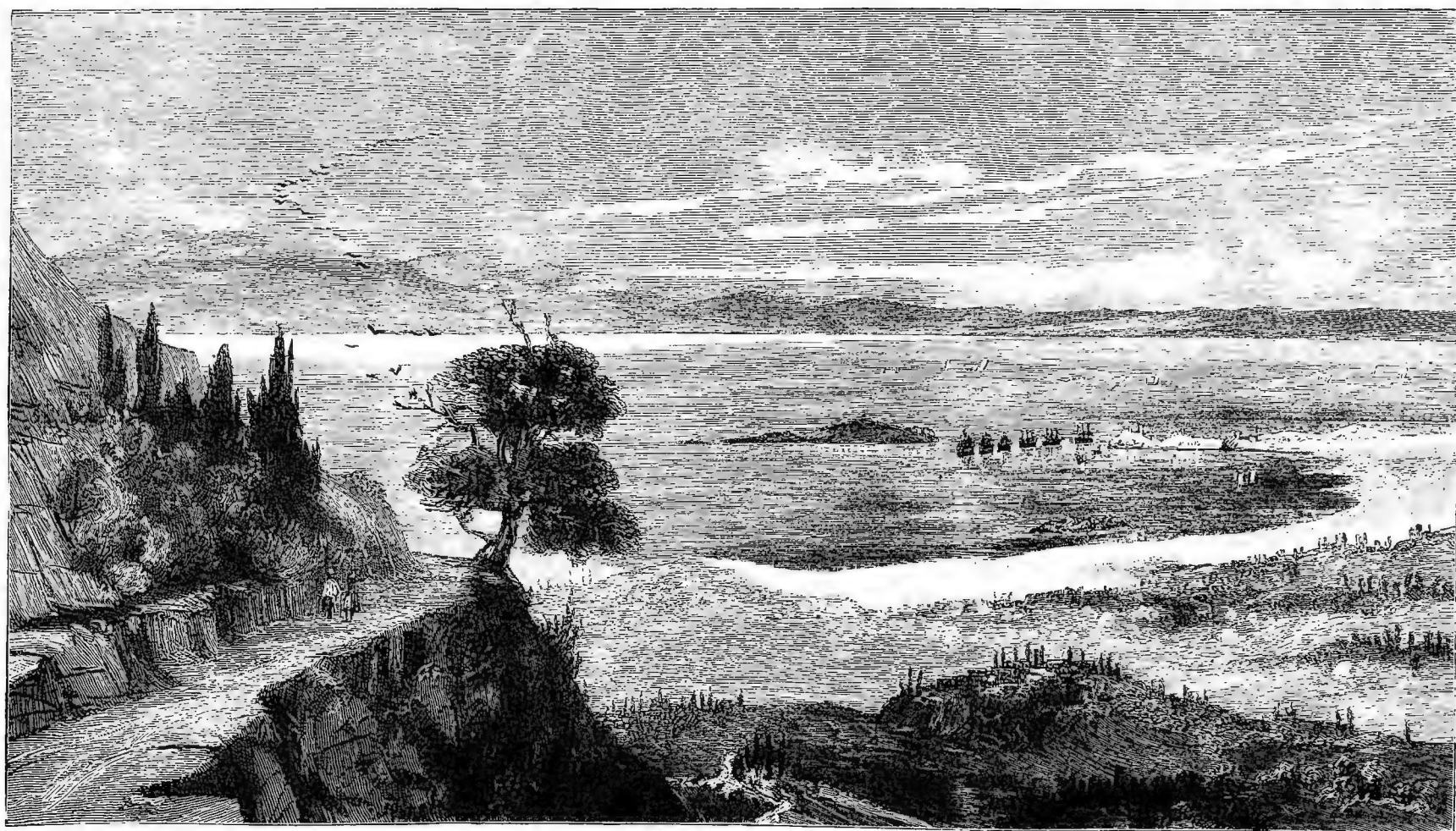
SIR HARRY SMITH PARKES, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., BRITISH
MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO CHINA
Died at Pekin, March 23, aged 57



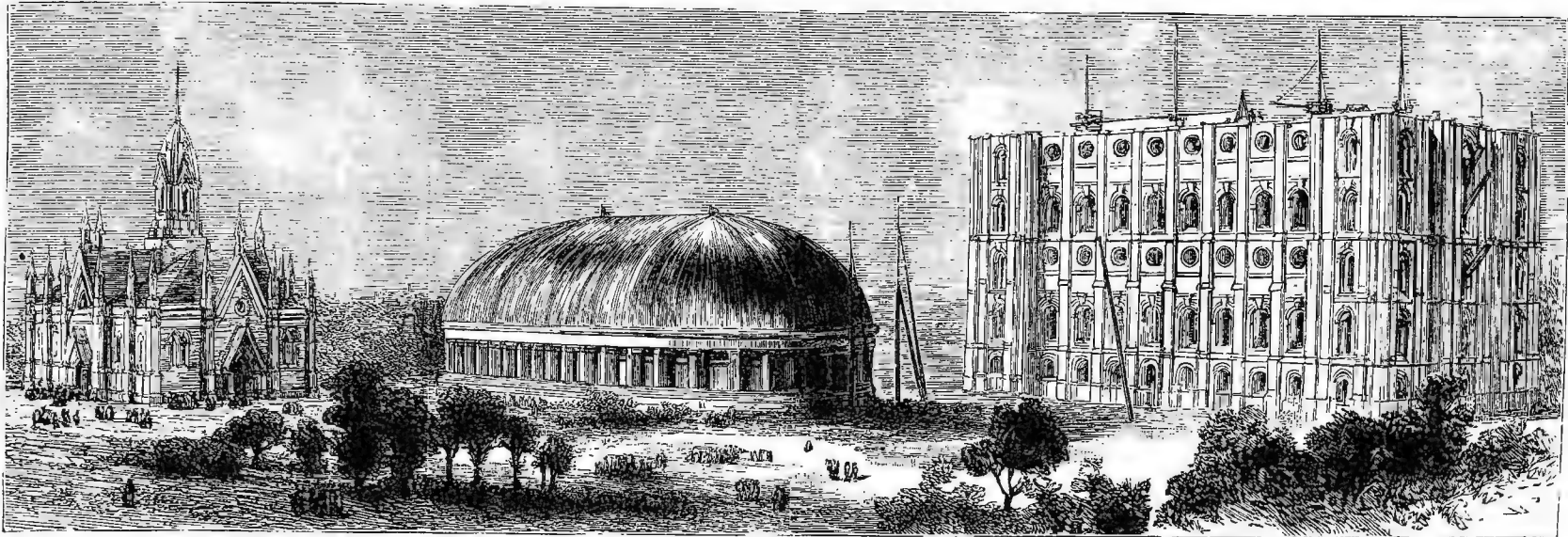
LORD HOUGHTON
Died August 11, aged 76



CYPRUS—THE CAMP OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS ON MOUNT TROODOS



WITH THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET—ENTERING CORFU HARBOUR



THE TEMPLE, TABERNACLE, AND ASSEMBLY HALL



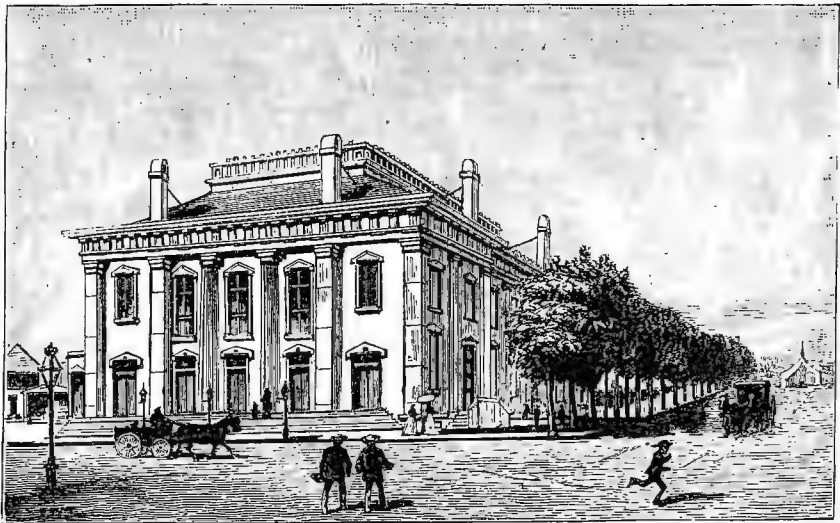
THE BEEHIVE, THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCE



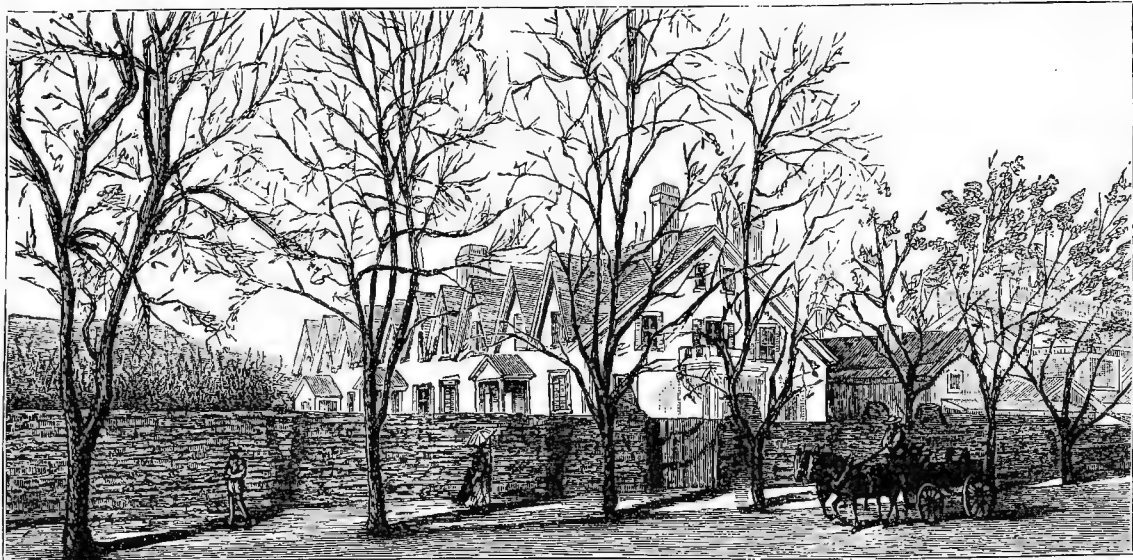
EAGLE GATE



BRIGHAM YOUNG'S GRAVE



THE THEATRE



SOME OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HOUSES



AMELIA PALACE, BUILT BY THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG FOR HIS FAVOURITE WIFE

Hermitage and Althorpe, two first-rate representatives of the English thoroughbred, took part in it. In a field of seven they were the two first favourites, and Althorpe, ridden by C. Wood, won easily from the French horse Leopard, Hermitage unfortunately breaking down in the race.

CRICKET.—The inter-county season has now come to the beginning of the end, but interest in this department of the national game continues unabated.—The match between Derbyshire and Yorkshire, for Platt's benefit, resulted in a draw, much in favour of the former. The Yorkshire first innings amounted to only 96, but that of Derbyshire to 223, figures which are utterly at variance with the previous performances of the two counties, and must therefore be regarded as very fluky.—It must not, however, be forgotten that the Midland county, which has shown great spirit in the cricket field of late years, has established some fair form this season, and at the end of last week beat Hampshire by seven wickets.—Lancashire has beaten Gloucestershire, at Clifton, by 41 runs; but at the Oval on Wednesday last was defeated by Surrey, after one of the most exciting finishes of the season, by one wicket.—At the Oval Kent and Surrey have played a drawn match, the former scoring in its second innings 288 for the loss of only four wickets.—At Sheffield, Middlesex, which has had a very uneven season of victories and defeats, has beaten Yorkshire by 49 runs.—In none of the above-mentioned crack matches were "centuries" made; but there have been many added to the long list of the season since our last Notes. W. Hearn, for instance, playing for the M.C.C. v. Notts Castle, scored 177 (not out); A. M. Suthery, for the Uppingham Rovers, 165; the Rev. A. T. Fortescue for I Zingari, 104; Jesse Hide, for Eastbourne, 104; T. Nunn, for the Greville Club, 132; Barnes, for the M.C.C., 123; E. Roper, for Liverpool, 120; Captain Friend and Lieutenant Dumbleton, 102 and 123 (not out) for the Royal Engineers; and J. E. Shaw, G. Webster, and W. P. Godfrey, of the Law C.C., in the same innings, 112, 145, and 137.

AQUATICS.—The Layton Pairs of the London Rowing Club were contested by four couples on Monday last, and after a fine race victory rested with C. P. and H. C. Schlötel, G. Beeson and G. R. B. Earnshaw being second.

FOOTBALL.—We hardly expect much interest from this game in the summer, but on Saturday last a "big gathering" was present at Perry Barr, Birmingham, to witness a game, for the benefit of Arthur Brown, between those inveterate footballists the Blackburn Rovers and the Aston Villa men, who won by two goals to none.

CYCLING.—The great American Wheel Tournament, which takes place at Springfield, U.S., on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of next month, will be attended by more than a dozen of our best riders, amateur and professional, under the captaincy of Mr. Harry Etherington. The last batch sail from Liverpool on Tuesday next. It is said that Mr. Prince, who claims to be "the fastest rider in the world," shrinks from meeting the Britishers at Springfield, and has "gone West."

SHOOTING.—The returns from the moors show that the season is fulfilling the anticipation formed of it, though in Scotland it opened with wretchedly bad weather, winter in some districts almost seeming to have usurped the place of autumn. Some very big bags are reported, among which may be noted the 216½ brace of Mr. B. Field and party, on Drumour, Strathbraan, and the 164½, 140, and 145 brace which fell to the four guns of Major Ramsay's party in three days on the Wahten shootings.



THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS have just been published, and they show that some important changes in English agriculture are going on without exciting much attention, or being at all adequately gauged in their consequences. The area of wheat for 1885 is only 2,475,318 acres, so that the good crops of the present year will still be ineffective in bringing up the total of production to the total of 1884, when 2,677,038 acres were under wheat. For English land to be going out of wheat cultivation at the rate of 200,000 acres per annum means a production of about 750,000 quarters less every year, and a consequent increase of about 1,500,000*l.* in our annual tribute to the foreigner. It had been reported that there was this year a large increase in the barley acreage. This, however, does not prove to be the case, only 2,257,346 acres being under this cereal. The cultivation of oats does not appear to fluctuate beyond the limits which more accident may be expected to cause. This year the area is 2,940,680 acres. Of potatoes there is a diminished cultivation as compared with 1884: 548,731 acres against 565,048 acres. More

land is being put into cultivation as hop gardens, and this increase appears to be steady, 1883 showing 68,016 acres, 1884 69,258 acres, and 1885 71,314 acres. The general discouragement under which farmers are known to be labouring is not indicated as at all lightening so far as the arable farmer is concerned.

CATTLE, SHEEP, AND PIGS.—An outlook which inspires more hope is that of the pastoral holders and holdings. Cattle have increased in number from 6,269,141 in 1884 to 6,597,854 now, an improvement largely due to the extirpation of disease and the encouragement afforded by wise, if delayed, legislation. Sheep show an increase from 26,068,354 in 1884 to 26,534,635 in 1885. The increase is a good deal due to the favourable lambing season. Losses in the North were unusually light, while in the South and West there was great fecundity in the ewes. Pigs have diminished in number 8 per cent. in two years, and the number now kept is only 2,403,380. Considering how largely pork is still consumed in the country, and the prolificacy of the pig, together with the little difficulty which attaches to feeding it, some surprise may be felt at the decline which these figures show.

CORN PROSPECTS AND PRICES.—Storms have prevailed in certain localities during the past fortnight, and have been sometimes sufficiently violent to damage seriously the stacked sheaves, and to beat down the standing corn. Hence reports of damage in the latter case, and the appearance of some damp samples at market in the former. Injury however has been the exception, fine weather, with just a little refreshing moisture, the rule. The wheat is more than half cut in the Southern counties, and wheat harvest is at least a third completed in Mid and East England. It has begun in the West and in Yorkshire. The yield will often be large, and a full average on the whole area under cultivation is a moderate expectation. Three per cent. over average is the verdict of one of the best known agricultural papers, which bases its opinion on the replies of a very large number of country correspondents. Recent markets have been very inert, only trifling quantities of produce changing hands. For old wheat 33*s.* to 34*s.* is asked, while some new samples have realised 34*s.* for a moderate weight, 60 lb. and 61 lb. to the bushel. New English oats, 40 lb. to the bushel, have made 23*s.*, but the price of new barley cannot be fixed as yet even approximately. Recent imports of wheat have been heavy, but the import of flour has fallen off very considerably, and trade is thus relieved in its most sensitive point.

OUT OF REPAIR.—Such is the commonplace yet unpleasantly suggestive phrase which one hears applied, and soon learns oneself to apply, during a ramble in the country. The smaller farms with their gates between fields half broken down, and their fences unmended, with gaps in the hedges not filled up, and other obvious signs of neglect, are not encouraging to regard, for they show a dearth of means, changing occupancy, and not unseldom unlet properties. As to the villages, a recent writer complains of "poor tumble-down inconvenient cottages, narrow streets, pools of dirty water in wet weather and dry patches of mud in dry weather, scarcely a shade tree to relieve the monotony of hues of whitewashed thatched cottages, hedgerows in decay, gardens gone to ruin," and a good deal more of the same dismal tenor. Things are not so bad universally, or indeed in anything like a majority of instances. Still there is serious justification in many instances, and whatever the country, in its meaning of "the whole nation," may be doing, there is unhappily very little doubt that the country, in its meaning of "the agricultural community," is steadily getting poorer and poorer.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE has been eradicated in all counties but two, Bedford and Chester. In the former three cows and twenty sheep are suffering at Amptill Park; while in the latter seven cattle are affected at Frodsham, and two at Mickle Trafford. Thus there are in the United Kingdom only thirty-two animals suffering from this but recently wide-spread malady. The number is in itself very trivial, but of course the contagious character of the disease makes a single case serious. Now that the number of cattle affected has become so small that the question of compensation has ceased to be serious, we cannot help thinking that it would be the quicker and safer way if animals were, when discovered to be affected, to be at once killed at inland places, just as imported animals are by order of the Privy Council.

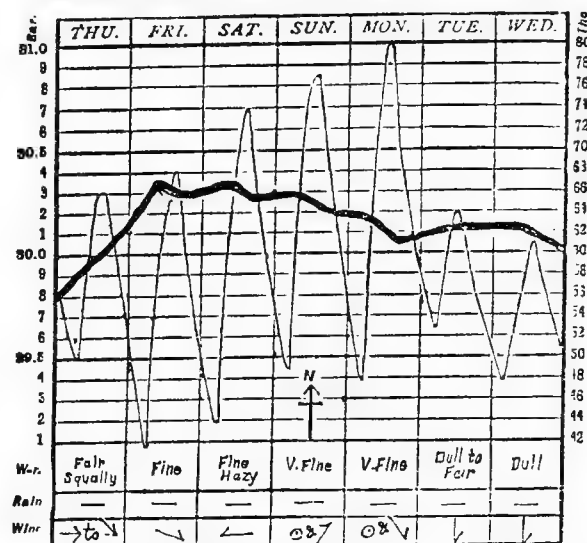
EAST ANGLIA.—A farming correspondent writes from "the granary of England," a report which is fairly satisfactory. A large breadth of wheat, he says, has been cut during the last few days in Norfolk and Suffolk. Some few stacks are up, and a few samples of Talavera have come to market from the light lands, the condition of which is good, but quality only moderate. New peas and oats are also offering. On the well-farmed good soils wheat should be over an average crop, and allowing for some deficiency on the light lands we should have altogether a full average crop, and of good quality generally. Beans and peas are generally a very poor crop, but a large acreage. Winter-sown beans are much better than spring-sown. Hay was a heavy crop, and stacked in fine order. Roots generally promise well, though in places suffering from want of moisture.

APPROACHING SHOWS.—The Barnsley Agricultural Society hold their annual Show on the 25th of August, while the Tamworth Show opens on the same day. The Dublin Society's Horse Show lasts from 25th to 28th of this month, and there is to be a Show of Hunters at Carmarthen on the 27th. The Craven Agricultural Society have a Show at Skipton on the 28th. The Bishop Auckland Show is fixed for the 18th of September; while the Warwickshire agriculturists hope to have a good exhibition at Leamington on the 2nd and 3rd. Bath Horse Show is fixed for the 9th and 10th September, and Cardiff Horse Show for the 16th, 17th, and 18th of the same month.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Norfolk Agricultural Society intend offering farm prizes for competition among farmers of the county at next year's Show of the Royal Agricultural Society at Norwich.—Entries for the tenth annual Dairy Show at Islington close on 7th September. Great efforts are being made to eclipse all previous Shows, and the increased importance now attached to dairy farming renders it probable that the efforts will be successful so far, that entries will exceed those of any previous year.—A prize of 25*l.* is offered for the best essay on the Agriculture of Pembrokeshire. Essays are to be sent in before the end of October to the Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society, 12, Hanover Square.—Mr. Gilbert Murray has just written and published a little tract on the Shire Horse. We cordially recommend it to breeders of that fine type of "the noble animal." Its minute and accurate description of the "points" of a Shire Horse is distinctly valuable.—We hear that the season generally has been bad for young rabbits. Scours have been remarkably prevalent among kept rabbits, and this may afford a clue to the deaths among the wild ones. The idea that wet and green food eaten in excess causes this disease appears to be reasonable, yet its prevalence in a very dry season shows that there are other causes. A writer in a contemporary has lost rabbits by this very disease, although they have been for weeks without wet green food of any description.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

The weather of the past week has been fine or fair at all but our extreme Northern stations, where a little rain fell from time to time. At the opening of the week a depression was just passing away in a North-easterly direction from the East Coast of Scotland, and in its rear the barometer rose briskly generally, with strong squally North-Western winds over the United Kingdom, but fine weather. As this depression moved still more to the Eastward, pressure continued to rise, and became very uniform over the British Islands and France; and no material alteration occurred during the remainder of the week. During the latter part of this period a well-marked Northerly current of wind set in at all but the Western stations, where light and variable breezes prevailed. The weather was fine and dry generally, until towards the close of the period, when cloud worked up in most places, and temperature (hitherto fairly high), fell most decidedly. Temperature has been some degrees below the average quantity.

The barometer was highest (30.34 inches) on Friday (14th inst.); lowest (29.32 inches) on Thursday (13th inst.); range 0.52 inches. The temperature was highest (80°) on Monday (17th inst.); lowest (41°) on Friday (14th inst.); range 39°. No measurable quantity of rain has fallen.

BIRTH

On the 15th inst., at 3, Josephine Avenue, Brixton Rise, the wife of CARMICHAEL THOMAS, of a daughter.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXIONS.

SOME FACTS, OLD AND NEW, ABOUT SOAP AND WATER.

"Much as we may despise Orientals for their effeminacy, we cannot refuse them our admiration for their personal cleanliness, due to an unrestricted use of soap. Soap originated in the East, beyond a question: but how, when, or where, is a mystery dense as that enveloping the Egyptian Pyramids, a mystery, too, that grows all the denser with the advancing ages. Cleanliness is an absolute necessity in warm climates; it is one of the essentials to a life worth the living. While the people inhabiting Asia Minor—the cradle of the human race—were remarkable for their cleanliness, and consequently for their beauty, they were surrounded by nations unacquainted with the uses of soap; and thus it came to pass that the Circassians, the Georgians, and the Mingrelians, famous for their fine persons, inhabited countries immediately contiguous to the ugly Kalmucks and Tartars, who, we are told by Herodotus, were not much above the ape in manners and appearance. That soap creates beauty is beyond doubt. And just right here let us ask the question, Of what does real beauty consist? The lovely Miss Calvert of Baltimore (now Mrs. Carrol Bulmer), had her photograph taken once, but could never be prevailed upon to go through the performance again. When questioned as to the cause of his wife's antipathy to the camera, Dr. Bulmer said:—'Her features are not regular, and she takes a horrid picture. Her beauty rests upon her deep liquid eyes, coral lips, rich auburn hair, and a delicious creamy complexion, the qualities precisely a camera cannot reflect. There is Miss Clinton, on the other hand, who is pockpitted, dull of eye, and faded of hair, takes an excellent likeness, because she has a straight nose and pretty fair outline of features.' Now, is it not fortunate for humanity that those qualities, in which beauty for the most part consists, are the very ones that can be cultivated; are exactly the attributes that can be acquired; while all the skill and science in the world cannot turn a *nez retroussé* into a Roman or even a Grecian nose? And what produces all this brightness of complexion but pure red blood coursing beneath a skin rendered transparent and beautiful by the free and unobstructed action of its millions of oil-glands and pores?"

"The Goths and Vandals, who overturned the Roman Empire, while estimable gentlemen in many respects, did not kill themselves by washing. Indeed, candour compels us to admit that our Gothic ancestors were prejudiced against soap, the manufacture of which under their régime became a lost art. To the Saracens we owe algebra, swords of Damascus, and scented soap. Mahomet enjoined strict cleanliness as part of his religious system, and his followers used that perfumed soap which made the ladies of the harem beautiful as the hours of the Alkoran. The renowned Saladin, among other costly presents, sent a few hundred cakes of this article to Philip Augustus of France. Philip handed them over to his Queen, who, in turn, had them distributed on gold salvers to her favourite courtiers and maids of honour. Soap became popular after this, and

it grew fashionable with Court gallants to present their ladies fair with cakes of it, just as they present them with diamonds in our day.

"It is a fact beyond cavil, that English women have the richest coloured hair and complexion, and it is also a fact that they make the freest use of the bath and of toilet soap. Indeed, it is cause and effect. Hence their smooth skin and unrivalled luxuriance and texture of hair, the envy of the nations. It is not necessary to be a blonde in order to have a good complexion. The Spanish ladies, so remarkable for the clearness of their olive complexion, are almost universally brunettes, Cleopatra was a brunette, and yet it was her sparkling brilliancy, so to speak, captivated the great Caesar and Marc Antony, and came very near vanquishing young Octavius Caesar, though the fair Egyptian was double his age, when he gained the battle of Actium and the Empire of the world. It was believed Cleopatra preserved her beauty of cuticle through a philter given her by the sorcerer Lesbos: but it is now known that it was owing to the free use of water, aided by a peculiar soap, doubtless something akin to the Cuticura Soap of our times. In fact, the latter theory is easiest of belief, as it stands to reason. Nature has situated in the internal layer of the skin millions of little tubes or glands (especially on the face), whose duty it is to pour out upon the surface, or external layer, an oily fluid (perspiration), which renders the skin transparent, soft, flexible, and healthy. If the openings of these tubes (pores) become clogged, blackheads, pimples, and other disfigurements follow. The skin loses its flexibility, becomes rough, cracked, and scaly; or, by reason of the clogging of some pores, others are rendered more active, and the skin presents a dirty, greasy appearance. Hence, the remedy for muddy, greasy complexions, dotted with pimples and blackheads, as well as a preventive of the same, is soap, which, with warm water, is the natural solvent for the matter that obstructs the tubes and pores of the skin.

"It would be cruel in us to excite the interest of the gentler sex in the matter of complexion if we could not offer a possible panacea without fear of undue preference. It is a fact well known to dermatologists that for several years the Cuticura Soap has been unrivalled as a skin beautifier. Not only does it contain the delicate odour and emollient and cleansing properties of the finest toilet soaps, but it goes a step further than any soap yet prepared; and by reason of its delicate, yet effective, medical properties derived from Cuticura, is enabled to heal skin blemishes by restoring to health those diseased or inflamed vessels of the skin which cause complexional disfigurements. It is to be regretted that, in their intense eagerness for a good complexion, the unthinking of the fair sex should use cosmetics and powders, which serve a temporary purpose, but, of course, tend to ruin the complexion irretrievably. The notorious Madame Rachael, of London, who some years ago succeeded in fleecing female members of the British aristocracy out of thousands of pounds, had two ways of beautifying the complexion. One consisted of a paste, which hardened on the face, and gave it an alabaster appearance; and another of a wash she called Jordan Water, and sold for ten guineas a bottle. The former was most in vogue because its effects were immediate. But it ultimately killed the users. The latter, on the contrary, was really good, for it penetrated the skin, purified the blood, and achieved the desired object; but the price charged for it was a perfect swindle. In the near future, however, our fair Anglo-Saxon cousins will not have a monopoly of brilliant complexions, and will have learned that this is truly the age of democracy in beauty, as well as society, art, and literature."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

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On the 17th inst., at South Park, Cove, Dumbarton-shire, the wife of J. C. ROGERS, Valparaiso, of a son.

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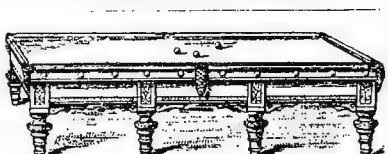
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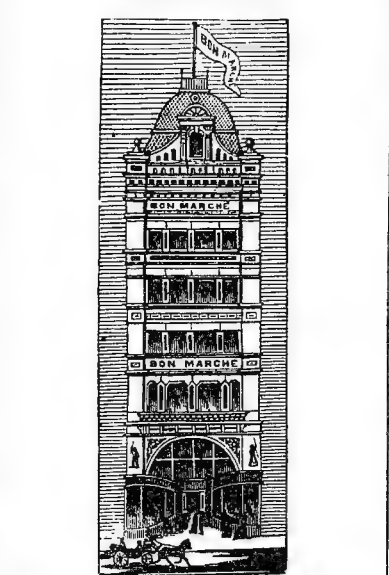
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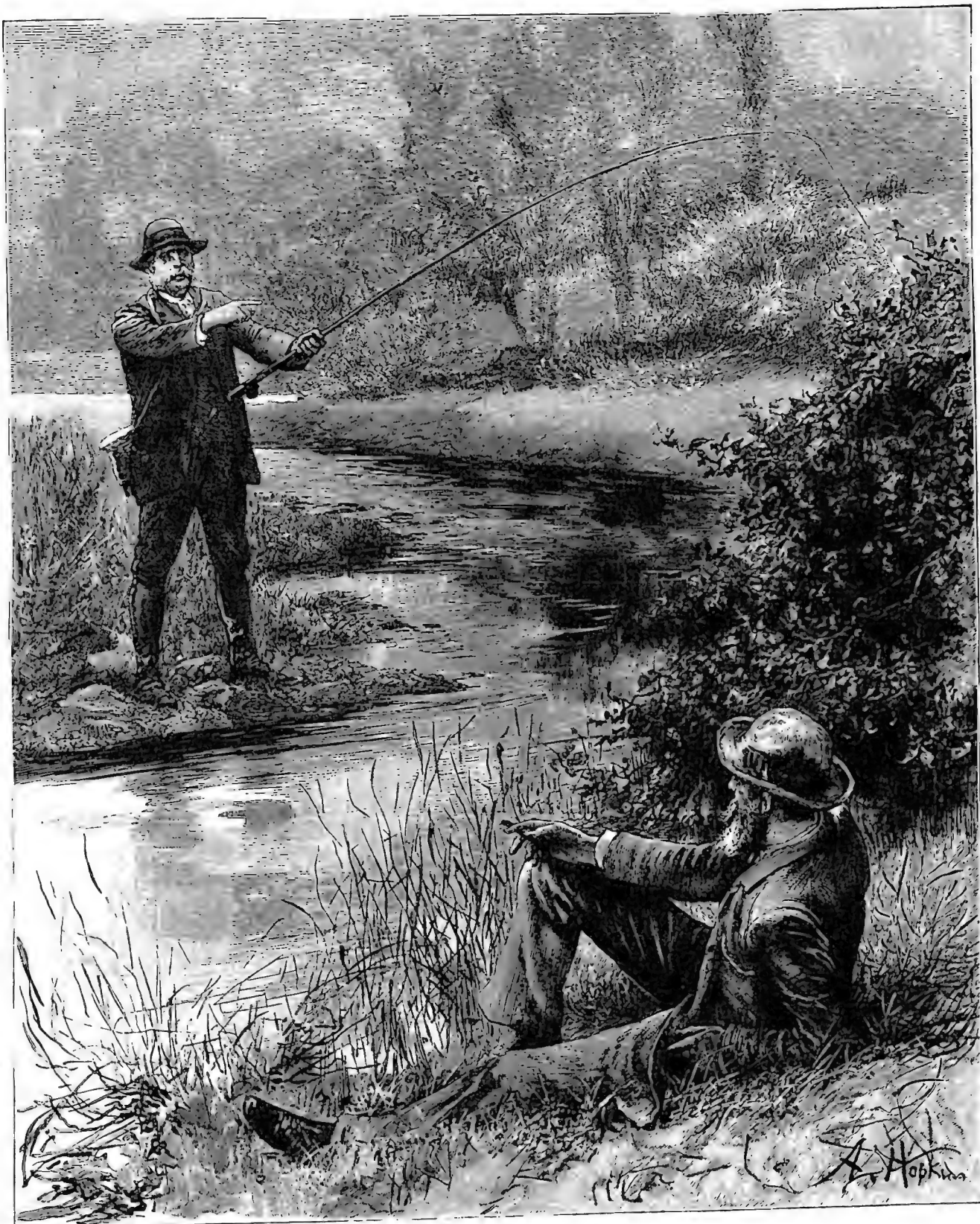
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Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

On the following day Fraser fulfilled his threat, and went home, and O'Rourke, having seen him off by the afternoon train, took a quiet walk by unknown ways across the fields. He was a born townsman, and had but little love for rural tranquillities by nature, but he was already weary of the work of the Session, and was glad to escape to fresh air and silence for a while. One gentle little hill after another drew him on. He would see what lay beyond this gentle eminence, and then he would see what lay beyond the next, and in this fashion he sauntered on until he came in sight of a most exaggeratedly castellated house of grey stone standing in the midst of dark pine woods. The building was of a moderate size, but its peaks and turrets dwarfed it, and from a little distance made it look at least as much like a child's toy as a dwelling house for real people. This was the château of Houfouy, and the present residence of Major Butler.

The wanderer, who had fairly good taste in most things, stood for a moment to smile at this preposterous edifice, and then walked on again. It was a day of cloudy soft light, and the air was wonderfully sweet. The woods were in the freshness of their greenery, and the dark hues of the contrasting pines set off the lighter foliage. A few hundred yards before him lay the first link of a river which went winding in a rounded zigzag until it lost itself to view behind the shoulder of a wood-clad hill. He had a sudden mind to lie down beside the water and smoke, and think about nothing there.

"They are beginning the daily grind at St. Stephen's already," he said, half aloud, with a charming sense of his own immunity from labour.

He strolled down to the river side, and there cast himself upon the grass, lit a cigar, and stared up at the soft motionless clouds. The stream ran through narrower banks than common near where he lay, and kept up a pleasant drowsy gurgle. Listening to this he could hear voices in it, and he lay there, idly trying to distinguish voice from voice, and enjoying all the delights of leisure after labour in every fibre of his body, until he fell into a light doze. From this he was awakened by a rustle and the sound of an execration gently breathed. Sitting up he was aware of a gentleman of British aspect, florid, sturdy, and well set, who stood on the other side of the river, rod in hand, persuasively pulling at a fly which had lodged in one of the branches of a bush.

Lying down he had been hidden from the angler who, seeing him rise, gave something of a start.

"Pardon me, sir," said the stranger, in laboured and very English-sounding French, "can you detach that fly for me?"

"Major Butler," said O'Rourke to himself. "Is this Major Butler, I wonder?"

He answered, also speaking in French, that he would do his best, and walked to the bush. The fly proved out of sight and out of reach, and the stranger directed his searching hand with cries of "Plus droit," "Plus gauche," "Plus haut," "Plus bas," until O'Rourke had secured the branch to which it was attached, and

had cut it away, after which he had disentangled the hook, and the angler and he raised their hats to each other.

Major Butler, for O'Rourke's not unnatural guess had hit the mark, expressed his obligations with some little difficulty, and O'Rourke, who was Paris bred, responded that he was infinitely delighted to be of service. If this were Major Butler, thought Mr. O'Rourke, it would be good fun to conquer his prejudices, and apart from the amusement it would be agreeable to have a country house to call at during his stay. Then he thought of that charming girl, and said to himself with perfect truth, "She'd have been glad to ask me if it hadn't been for this old buffer—or the other old buffer, if this is not the real one."

He began by asking after sport, and the quality of the stream and the fish, and the Major, who was an accessible and friendly soul when once the ice was broken with him, displayed his take, and floundered on with his French in a very courageous and adventurous manner, until at last he got stuck, and had to confess that he didn't know the word for something.

"C'est une tres belle langue, le votre," said the Major, "but—mais, c'est un peu triste pour un étranger."

"But you are French?" replied the cunning O'Rourke, still holding to the language of the country.

"Nong," said the Major, "je sweeze Ongly."

"English?" cried O'Rourke, "so am I."

"I wonder you didn't find me out," said the flattered Major.

"I wouldn't have found you out for the world," said O'Rourke, to himself. "I wonder you didn't find me out," he said aloud.

"Oh, you!" said Butler, bluffly, "I took you for a native." It was not at all an uncommon thing in O'Rourke's experience, but he feigned to be flattered, and declared that the other's French was better than his own. Now it happened that this was taking Major Butler on a particularly feeble side, though O'Rourke only argued from general premisses, and knew nothing of the special subject on whom he was operating. The Major made a cast or two, and O'Rourke, standing on the other bank, laughed brightly.

"Ah!" he said, "if I had seen that your French wouldn't have disguised you. I never knew a Belgian or a Frenchman who knew how to cast a fly."

"They're poor sportsmen," said Butler, who began to think this a discerning fellow.

Presently he hooked a half-pounder, who behaved in a very lively manner, and was finally grassed workmanlike. O'Rourke looked on with interest.

"They give plenty of sport," he said.

"Capital sport," replied Butler, heartily. "Capital sport. They're not feeding well to-day, though. Two or three days ago a young friend of mine, an American, who's staying at my place, fetched out seven pounds in half an hour. Used a fly quite strange to the water, too, a gaudy American thing, but very killing."

"So you are Major Butler," said O'Rourke, inwardly. "There can't be many Americans over here," he said aloud.

"Only one that I know of," said the Major.

"There is one," said O'Rourke, "whom I have the pleasure to know. And now," he added, silently, "you're hooked or you break away."

Butler looked across at him, with an interrogative grunt. He was busily arranging one of his flies.

"Maskelyne," said O'Rourke, in answer to the grunt, "an Albany man."

"Oh," returned the Major, with a bit of cat-gut between his lips. "He's the man I spoke of." He had time enough to think that this was the novelist, ten to one, and a very different sort of fellow from the man he had expected. "Pleased to meet you," he said, "Shall be glad if you'll look me up and see your friend."

"Thank you," said O'Rourke, sweetly. "Thank you very much indeed. Maskelyne and I are very old friends."

"Not the novelist," said the Major, silently. "Of course not. Spoke much too intimately from the first mention of him only to have met him yesterday."

"You are Major Butler?" asked O'Rourke. There are ways and ways of putting this sort of interrogatory. O'Rourke's *nuance* was absolutely delicate. Butler bowed assent. "Maskelyne told me with whom he was staying. My name is O'Rourke."

"Oh!" said the Major, somewhat blankly, "you're not the——" "I'm afraid I am," replied O'Rourke, with so admirable a good-humour that Butler could not refrain from a smile. "We needn't talk politics if we differ, as I daresay we do."

Honestly, if Major Butler could have withdrawn his invitation he would have done so, and he was a little annoyed with himself for having given it. But, he bethought him, the man was a friend of Maskelyne's, and Maskelyne spoke of him in the very highest terms. But then, again, there was something about—people talked—they said the Irish Members were here to make terms with that infamous old scoundrel Dobroski, a rascal who thirsted for Royal blood, and wanted chaos to come again.

"Do you stay long?" asked Butler, with a diplomatic purpose. O'Rourke saw the diplomatic purpose, and met it more than half way.

"Yes," he said, "a week or two. Perhaps more. A friend of mine—I dare say you know him—he's really a very distinguished man—Farley, the novelist—is staying in the same hotel with me at Janenne, and so long as he stays I shall stay. Unless, that is, he stays beyond the end of the Whitsuntide recess. We are busy in the House just now."

"Yes," responded the Major, rather grimly, "I know you are."

He was a man who had few ideas enough, but those he had possessed him. He had never troubled himself with the philosophic why or wherefore of anything, but he felt very profoundly, if very vaguely, about certain things. First of all, an English officer was a gentleman. Next, all people subject to the English Crown owed loyalty to the Queen. Thirdly, Gladstone was a fellow about whom it was quite impossible to express one's opinions in the society of ladies. Fourthly, the country was going to the devil. It would be easy to pursue the list, but perhaps the sample may serve. A man downright honest, very ripe and sound at heart, a trifle open to the charge of being stupid, a man with no philosophies, no finish, no finesse, but brave, stalwart, honourable, and kindly, an admirable man to obey orders, an admirable man to see orders obeyed.

Just now loyalty said to him, "No treaty with the enemy;" but hospitality said, "No going back from an invitation." He stood balanced between the two.

Angela and Maskelyne were each a good deal surprised half an hour later to see Major Butler coming down the avenue towards the château side by side with O'Rourke. Perhaps at bottom the Major himself was a little surprised, but he was certainly vanquished. He confessed that he had never met a pleasanter man in his life than this same Home Ruler, whom in advance he had been prepared to detest.

It may be admitted that the flattery about the French and the fly-throwing were a little gross and common-place, but then O'Rourke had a wonderful faculty—a really wonderful faculty—for measuring his man, and for knowing exactly how far he could go with him. If Major Butler had not been open to receive so large a dose it is a hundred thousand to one that O'Rourke would never have offered it. The diplomatist—and so far at least it is not necessary to seek a harsher name for him—has need of this faculty. The immediate measurement of men is his especial business, and, when he really knows his business, is his especial faculty.

On Angela's side this second meeting with O'Rourke was altogether pleasing. A sort of social stigma, which she was sure was undeserved, was lifted from him. She knew but little of him; and that little was but hearsay, and yet it disposed her to sympathise and admire.

Somehow the talk drifted on to Ireland. O'Rourke meant that it should, and the talk generally went where he chose it to go.

"I verily believe," he said, and it was one of his most pleasing peculiarities that he had a knack of saying almost everything with an air of bright unpreparedness, as if the idea had just occurred to him, and he gave it as freshly as it came, "I verily believe that one of the best Irishmen that ever lived is very much answerable for the querulous attitude between you and me at this moment. Lever—Charles Lever, is the man I mean."

"Surely that wants a little explanation," said Maskelyne.

"Yes, I suppose it does. And yet it is clear enough to me. Lever gave you the idea of a people who are always laughing, dancing, making love, drinking whisky punch, riding high-bred horses over precipices, abducting heiresses, fighting duels, and singing impromptu comic songs. Such a set of harum-scarum, witty, happy-hearted jovial fellows as he painted! But unhappily we're not a bit like that. Only Lever has taught you not to take us seriously, and you don't."

"Well, upon my word, you know," said Butler, who was not altogether at his ease with what he wanted to say. "But don't you think it's a pretty good thing for you, now, that we don't take you seriously?"

"Ah!" said O'Rourke. "If you took some of us seriously I admit that you would have to take us very seriously indeed. At the point of the bayonet very likely. But look at the reasonable moderate people. Now, after all, what do we ask?" He was so very reasonable and moderate himself just then that it would have been difficult indeed not to listen to him. "You don't let one commune manage the affairs of another here. Janenne doesn't interfere with Houfou. Houfou doesn't interfere with Janenne. But then there's a final authority over both of them. Home Rule, I don't quite know why, has grown to sound dreadful to English ears. Call it Local Self Government. That sounds harmless enough. That's really all we want."

"Well now," said Butler, "I didn't start this conversation."

"I don't know who started it," returned O'Rourke with an invincible smile. "But that matters nothing. We may understand each other. That will be a great gain."

"I didn't start it," repeated Butler, rather doggedly. "But since it is started. . . . Why don't the leaders of the party put these ideas into the heads of the peasantry?"

"Well," said O'Rourke, with the air of a man bracing himself for a confession of considerable importance, "I am a Romanist. I was born into the old faith. But," slowly and considerably, as if he weighed his words, "with us, the priesthood is drawn in an extraordinary degree from the ranks of the peasantry. It has a fiery sympathy with the peasantry. Publicly and openly—I am using an almost dangerous candour with you, Major Butler—publicly and openly we should find it hopeless to combat with the priests. Now," and here he changed his tone and took an air of animated appeal, "if we of the moderate party withdrew altogether, where would the country go to? By staying where we are, at the head of the popular movement, we can control it, we can direct it a little, we can modify its manifestations. But we have to do our spiriting gently. We cannot move in direct defiance to the national will. We must——" He paused for a minute, and Butler filled up the pause.

"Hold a candle to the—Enemy." The Major, catching Angela's eye, gave the proverb the mildest turn he could think of.

"Well—yes," returned O'Rourke, sadly. "It's weary work—wearily work."

At that moment even Butler felt a touch of sympathy with him, but he hardened himself.

"Don't you think you might do a little more——?" he began.

"Some of us might," O'Rourke answered with a sigh, without waiting for the conclusion of the sentence. "Some of us might."

He bent his head, a little sadly, and his hand went toying languidly with his watch-chain. His words had conveyed a sufficient sense of candour and allowance all through, but his manner, his face and voice, seemed to mean more than his words, and three people saw quite clearly (though one of them was by no means imaginative by nature) a patriot who strove in vain to guide a turbulent people to order. "We of the moderate party" was a phrase of some audacity, but it was not used this afternoon for the first time. A year earlier the House of Commons had been used to laugh at it, but by and by honourable gentlemen had ceased to laugh, and had even come, by dint of frequent hearing, to accept it.

"Well now," said the softened Major, "what's going to be the finish of it all? Where is it going to end?"

"Moderate counsels will prevail in the long run," returned O'Rourke, looking up with a brighter face. "Ireland can hardly ever hope to be a wealthy country—she is too heavily handicapped by Nature—but she may be fairly prosperous, and altogether contented."

"But what I want to know is—How? What's to be the *modus operandi*?"

"The best, the quickest, the most hopeful would be the establishment of a Local Parliament for the conduct of internal affairs. The House of Commons can't get through its business at present. If we gave a Local Parliament to Scotland, another to Wales, another to Ireland, and allowed each to manage its own affairs, the central Parliament in London would have time to attend to Imperial matters, and wouldn't be peddling over questions of hypotheec in Aberdeen or peasant proprietorship in Connemara."

"You'd make it pretty hot for the landlords," said the Major.

"Some of the hotter-headed amongst the land reformers have advanced peculiar schemes, no doubt. But then, you see, the Irish Parliament would exist under constitutional limits, and would be elected in a constitutional way. It would represent all sides, and the Tory party is strong in Ireland. I think the land interest can take care of itself. And don't you see what a disproportionate amount of time and attention we take up just now? The line is never clear for the legislative train, but always blocked by Irish waggons, and they get shunted here and there, and never reach a terminus. Give us a line—we don't ask a great affair—give us just a single line for our own traffic, and see how we shall get along."

Really, if it had not been for Dobroski in the background, Major Butler would have been quite reconciled to O'Rourke, though not by any means to his schemes. He did not know much, or profess to know much, himself about these matters, but he trusted his party leaders. He began to see that a moderate member of the Irish party might after all be a man with whom it was possible to consort without disloyalty. And besides, as a matter of unconscious motive, Major Butler was not anybody in particular, and O'Rourke was a personage; and there was a something pleasing in talking over these high themes with a real actor in the Parliamentary drama—a man who played at least a second-rate part in the play at St. Stephen's.

This was the reflection which had from the first been present in Angela's mind. A live figure in contemporary history was here before her, a man who might live in history as the first Premier of an enfranchised Ireland—that was one of Maskelyne's fancies—the voice that spoke with so sympathetic and gentle an accent could make its lightest tone heard by a whole people when its owner would.

Yesterday and to-day were to be marked with a white stone in her simple calendar. She had talked with a great author, and had listened to the talk of an eminent politician, not as one of a crowd, but in the pleasant intimacy of social life. She was beginning to know the world. These new experiences were delightful, and were tasted with a conscious palate.

O'Rourke interested her greatly, and his manner pleased her as much as it interested. There was no assumption of being a personage, no aspect of tutorship or condescension. Beyond the delicate flattery of a sympathetic silence, an unusual willingness to listen, a deference, not expressed but evident, in the advancement of his own opinions, O'Rourke had forborne to use the weapon he had at first found so useful with the Major.

He found himself pressed to stay to dinner, and consented; and he brightened the meal for everybody. Even Miss Butler, the Major's withered maiden sister, who presided over his household for him, and was one of the most colourless and least colourable of women, took new tints under his adroit hand, and after his departure pronounced him charming. And when he said his good-bye his eyes once more offered that unmistakable homage to Angela which they had tendered the day before.

"I have made friends with Major Butler," he told Dobroski when he met him that night.

The old man made no answer. He could not calumniate his enemy. "Your friend has gone away?" he said, after a sufficiently

significant pause. "I received a note from him this morning, in which he made his adieux."

"Yes," returned O'Rourke. "He has gone away. His duties in Parliament called him." This was the excuse Fraser had offered in his note to Dobroski.

"In all candour," said Dobroski, "I am glad that he is gone. I did not find myself *en rapport* with him. But I have been watching your career with closeness and with interest. You are not very old, but you have discretion, and I think you have devotion. Are you willing to be entrusted with a share in a great scheme?"

"I cannot promise in the dark, even to you, sir."

"I will not ask you to promise in the dark. I will ask no more than your inviolable secrecy."

"That you shall have," answered O'Rourke, "in any case. But if you do not feel that my co-operation is necessary I will beg you not to weight me with your confidence. I have some confidences already which amount to a heavier burden than I can dare to add to."

"Yes. I have need of you. Let us walk into the open fields." They were strolling up and down in the deserted place of the Hotel de Ville, and from the moment at which their conversation became serious they had spoken in low and guarded tones. "You have seen Miss Butler to day?" he asked in his usual voice as they turned together. "She was well?"

"Quite well," returned O'Rourke, and after that they walked in silence until they came upon the wide shadowless tranquillity of the moonlit fields.

"Now," said Dobroski, stretching out his right hand, "I have your sacred promise?"

"You have my sacred promise," returned O'Rourke, accepting the proffered hand.

"Let us walk on. If a blow could be struck—if it could be clearly seen that a blow *could* be struck for Liberty—would Ireland strike it?"

"Yes. But not a feeble and ineffectual blow. We have struck too often to care to strike again unless we can strike home."

"If Ireland could strike home, she would do it?" Dobroski asked quietly.

"Be sure of that."

"Then listen. You have not forgotten the Indian Mutiny?"

"Scarcely."

"You missed then the only real chance you ever had. If you had struck at that time you would have been a free people now. The opportunity was lost, but for once a lost opportunity returns, and the cards forgive. Russia is preparing the way for another uprising, and is spending gold like water. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, and Russia is preparing for her own destruction. For, mark me, at the hour when she applies the match to the Indian magazine she lights a fire that flames about the world. Russia and England at death grips—Ireland declares her independence. Poland and Circassia and Montenegro hurl themselves upon Russia, and not alone, for Turkey has her lost provinces north of the Balkans to recover, and the Prophet of the Desert will pour countless thousands of men to her aid. England will have something else to do than to keep a hold on Egypt. Hungary will rise against Austria. Wherever an oppressed nationality exists, then at that hour that nationality may strike its final and decisive blow. We know much already. We have done much already. In Russia even now we could awaken such a charivari that the mere bruit of it would shake the Czar, and when she has once lighted her Indian magazine. . . . It is rare sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard."

He spoke with measured calm and quiet, and for anything the mere tone of his voice could tell he might have been making arrangements for a picnic. As for O'Rourke, this fantastic and stupendous scheme took his breath away for a moment.

"I omitted one factor of importance," resumed Dobroski. "Italy wants Trieste back again. She will see her chance, and take it. We need but one thing. Germany may want to play police, and it would be well to have her embroiled with France again. Though probably the mere effort to play police would expose her to France, and the risk may keep her quiet. I must not forget the force which we ourselves could bring to bear when all the armies of Europe were engaged."

"By we ourselves," said O'Rourke, "you mean——?"

"The Sociétaires of varying nationality throughout Europe."

O'Rourke was fairly staggered, and his ordinary *aplomb* deserted him. But when they had paced in silence for a minute or two, he said,

"Give me time to think of this, Mr. Dobroski. I am at a disadvantage."

"We will speak of it again when you will," said Dobroski.

They walked back without a word, and separated with a mere "good-night." In his own room O'Rourke surveyed the monstrous phantasm at his leisure.

"Is it a programme or a dream?" he asked.

(To be continued)



MR. COMPTON READE's question, "Who Was Then the Gentleman?" (3 vols. : J. and R. Maxwell) has a very easy answer—Nobody. And if it were asked who was then the lady, the answer would be the same. Such a menagerie of creatures claiming to be human beings has seldom been seen. Possibly, as Mr. Reade comes forward as an ardent anti-vivisectionist, one of his intentions may be to show that an average baboon is very considerably the superior of an average man. And as are the *dramatis personæ*, such are their performances. Changing children at nurse is of course a common-place trifle—a practice accepted by nearly all novelists as a regular feature of every-day life: and of course novelists, as professed students and observers of life, ought to know. Moreover, murder is notoriously a far commoner crime than the newspapers would lead us to suppose. But Mr. Reade's characters set about their murders in as easy-going and matter-of-course a way as if they were merely asking one another to dinner. They scarcely even affect a decent degree of secrecy. Whether all this is meant to show the final consequences to society of legalising vivisection, we cannot quite make out. If so, however, Mr. Reade has exposed his cause to this objection: that a monster like his surgeon is much more likely to have inflicted needless torture on animals because he was a cruel murderer *in posse*, than that he became a murderer because he was a vivisector *in esse*. There must needs be a certain number of monsters in the world: but their portraiture conveys no argument having any bearing upon ordinary humanity. On the whole, the novel is exceedingly like a nightmare. But even among nightmares there are degrees of merit: and this is by no means a good specimen.

Miss Harriet Jay's "A Marriage of Convenience" (3 vols. : F. V. White and Co.), is not by any means up to the level to which the authoress of "Queen of Connaught" has accustomed her readers. We fear it must be classed with the results of the art of book-making—it certainly bears all the signs of fatal hurry. It contains powerful passages here and there, but they seem always to have dropped into the work by accident, as the result of some chance inspiration, and not as that of any clear and harmonious design. The characters are stagey to extravagance—the melo-

Jramatic Spanish Duke, the man who has vowed life-long vengeance against him and follows him like a sleuth-hound, the stern old lady who also lives for an incomprehensible or rather lunatic revenge, the persecuted heroine, and all the rest of them. The footlights never cease to glare between the reader and the stage: and the situations correspond to the characters—or rather, while the latter are merely conventionally extravagant, the former are impossible. We have had so constantly to speak with unqualified admiration of Miss Jay's work that we are the more bound to note the first symptom of indifference to what is due from an artist to her art. Nobody can be always at his or her best: but novels like "A Marriage of Convenience" are best left in the limbo of the magazines—in one of which, to judge from the periodical recurrence of a fainting fit or some other temporary climax, the story probably first appeared.

"Corinna," by "Rita" (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell), is more of a story than its authoress usually troubles herself to put together, and the result, in so far as it is due to improved construction, is more than usually successful. More clearness of motive, and a more decided and intelligible way of dealing with incidents and clearing up mysteries, would have developed a plot, containing many elements of strength, into a very good one. These suggestions of strength belong, however, to the plot and the situations alone—certainly in no respect to the characters, from the mildly Byronic Loris downwards, and they would have gone far to spoil the effect of a very much stronger story. These mere abstractions of conventional sentiment will, however, no doubt, please those readers who are never weary of reading about a dying baby—that readiest of methods for exciting a little easy pathos, or rather appearance of pathos. One of the curiosities attaching to the school of fiction to which "Corinna" belongs is the capacity of its heroines for becoming successful novelists—for imagining romances as well as acting in them. Corinna herself is a heroine of this pattern—of which there is some danger of the world becoming tired when presented in fiction, however welcome the reality may continue to be.

"Like Lost Sheep: A Riverside Story," by Arnold Gray (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), is interesting, in spite of its exceedingly clumsy construction. The action is divided between at least two generations—always a hazardous experiment, which in the present case is by no means justified either by the result or by the necessity. The ready acceptance of the legacy of vengeance left by a mother to her children is not under the circumstances sufficiently comprehensible to be effective. Then the sensational element runs at last into sheer extravagance, and the promise of the story at its outset is very much greater than is ever fulfilled. Under these circumstances it is a little singular that the novel should be as interesting as it unquestionably is. This result is partly no doubt due to the unexpected nature of some of the incidents, but to a greater degree, and more legitimately, to the characters who, with all their theatrical proceedings, have a great deal of genuine vitality. Though unreal in their doings, they are not puppets, but genuine actors, who only require a better plot to make them something better still—namely, real men and women.

"The Mistress of Tayne Court," by Emma Marshall (1 vol.: Seeley and Co.), is a story of a religious character, and with a decided, though unobtrusive, religious moral. It principally consists of family portraiture of a clever but not very attractive kind. We should say that the authoress has made the acquaintance of some of her *dramatis personæ* in the flesh, and do not envy her experiences. The cleverness, however, is undeniable. The volume is illustrated with some views of Mentone, where the opening and closing scenes are laid, and with some sketches of English landscape the purpose of which it is not easy to surmise.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part 67, Vol IX. of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* contains four pieces only, but they are well worthy of their place in this, one of the leading publications in the musical world. The first and most important work is a "Funeral March" on the chorale, "Jesus My Trust," arranged by Otto Dienel, organist of St. Mary's Church, Berlin; it is a majestic and musically arrangement, and well suited for the purpose for which it is intended. We commend it to the attention of all experienced organists.—*Allegro Pomposo*, by Ferris Tozer, if not quite up to the mark of its predecessor, is a well written and scholarly work.—Simple and void of difficulties, "Meditation," by E. Cutler, will be found a very useful and melodious composition, both for sacred and secular purposes.—The same may be said of a "Fantasia," on a theme by Julius Katterfeldt, arranged by Hugo Katterfeldt of Eppendorf, near Hamburg.

TITO DI GIO RICORDI.—Many of our readers who witnessed the "historical, allegorical, and fantastical ballet" of *Excelsior*, composed by L. Manzotti, music by L. Marengo, as performed at Her Majesty's Theatre with grand spectacular effects, will be content to learn that all the brilliant and taking music has been arranged for the pianoforte by M. Saladino, and published in a well-got-up volume by the above firm.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—A very valuable guide and assistant to the earnest student will be found in a "Manual of Harmony," by Lindsay Sloper. In his preface the author frankly owns that "It was to the work of Ernest F. Richter, of Leipzig, that I wish now to express my acknowledgment of the fact that for the outline of this little book I am indebted to him." Although the author differs in some points from many of his colleagues the differences are not of sufficient importance to take from the utility of this work, which is worthy the attention of teachers.—*Mary Magdalen*, an oratorio, by J. Massenet, English version by the late Henry S. Leigh, is a work which deserves to take a foremost place in the *répertoire* of our leading choral societies; the music is very devotional, and bears the impress of a musician's pen. Mr. Leigh has done his part of the work with marked ability.—"A Short Requiem," by John Farmer—the tonic sol-fa edition—will find favour with disciples of that school of notation.

MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—Both words and music of "Two Bells," written and composed by Knight Summers and Michael Watson, are very pleasing; this song is published in F and G.—"The Soldier's Call" is a spirited and patriotic poem by Digby Seymour, Q.C., well set to a tuneful melody by W. Sparks, Mus. Doc.—A ballad of a very sentimental type is "Moments of Peace," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Otto Sondermann, published in C and D.—A brace of songs suitable for our country and seaside holidays are: "Good Night Robin," the pathetic words by F. E. Weatherly, music by J. L. Koeckel; and "Peggy of Yarmouth Town," which has a ring of cheerfulness and sentiment, both in the words, by M. Ingle Ball, and in the music, by Frederick Bevan.—"Danse de la Cour," for the pianoforte, by Ernst J. Reiter, is a brisk and tuneful piece after the antique.—Allan Macbeth must have had a nightmare of the venerable and much respected "Sailor's Hornpipe" when he composed "Hornpipe, a Characteristic Sketch; the latter is a weak imitation of the former.—We are not surprised to learn that "The Minerva Waltzes," by Percy F. Maitland, have arrived at their fifth edition, for they are amongst the prettiest productions of the season.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE

It is to be feared that in the list of birds which have had their day, and are ceasing to be in this island, must be placed the golden eagle (*Aquila chrysaetus*) for there are now even whole Highland counties in which one has not been seen for several years, though there is probably not a parish in the north of Scotland the inhabitants of which cannot tell tales of eagle-daring, and point to some inaccessible rock or corrie in which for generations eagles made their eyrie. Naturalists who admire the bird and believe in a balance of Nature may lament this, but they are likely to have some difficulty in persuading sportsmen, gamekeepers, and shepherds of the truth of their theory, especially after the shepherd has seen a few of his best lambs carried beautifully away, and the gamekeeper, "with his own eyes," has seen it kill hares and grouse, and consequently attributes to it the scarcity of all game, and so manages to excite his master's enmity to the bird to such a degree that the keeper is probably offered a premium of a guinea for every pair of eagles' feet he can show. One old keeper tells how he in conjunction with the shepherd made eagle-shooting for such a premium rather a paying concern. Their plan was alternately to go some time before daybreak to a small hut which they had constructed of heather and turf in a lonely situation, and there to conceal themselves, and watch with loaded fowling-piece the attractive power of their bait of a mangled sheep. The kite they found to be the earliest riser, then came the raven, carrion crow, and magpie, and they all with good-humoured forbearance tugged away at the carcase and were making a hearty breakfast, but on the advent of the eagle they all quickly retired, and allowed him to enjoy the feast and—be shot.

Another cause of the rarity of the eagle is the small number of eggs which it lays and hatches per annum, two, or at most three, being the maximum, and these even are not always safe, for should the eyrie be at all accessible, some daring cragsman is sure to pilfer one or more of them, as among egg-fanciers they are in great demand; and the writer has known as high a price as five guineas to be paid for one: only the risk run in getting them is often tremendous; for should either of the birds return while the robbery is being committed, woe betide the robber! Goldsmith tells of a case in which the old eagles fell so furiously on the robber of their nest that they actually beat him to death with their wings, beaks, and talons. In Strath Glass, Ross-shire, a boy managed to climb to an eyrie, but had not been many minutes there when one of the old birds returned, and, making a swoop, clutched the boy, and dropped him into the River Conon, a few hundred yards away.

Notwithstanding the war thus constantly waged against it, the golden eagle still survives in the wilder Highland districts, and a good specimen was last autumn sent from the west of Sutherland-shire to the Zoological Gardens. Its extraordinary longevity must tell in its favour. Mr. Pennant tells of one which he knew to be for nine years in the possession of a gentleman, who received it from a person in whose possession it had previously been thirty-two years. A Gaelic verse says:—

Thrice man's age, age of deer;
Thrice deer's age, age of eagle;
Thrice eagle's age, the age of oak tree.

If we take man's age even at half the promised threescore and ten, we find the eagle's age to be no less than three hundred and fifteen—rather a respectable age—and probably giving rise to the idea expressed in the Book of Psalms that the eagle renewed its age.

There can be no doubt that this Koyal bird owes its ancient title of Bird of Jove, and the presence of its figure on the standards of so many nations, to its very great daring and power, of which there are hundreds of illustrative stories. At Benalskie, in Caithness, not long ago, a fox was about to make his dinner off a hare when a hungry eagle descended and attempted to carry it away. The fox did not, however, willingly give it up, and a fierce struggle ensued, in the course of which the fox fixed his jaws deep in the eagle's breast; the latter then got on the wing, and Foxy was carried upwards suspended by the jaws. He held on as long as he could, but had at last to let go, and was dashed to pieces, while the eagle sailed away victorious. This device of getting on the wing with its enemy is not, however, always successful, especially when that enemy is a weasel, for while thus borne upwards the weasel uses its teeth to such advantage that both come down like a stone, only when the ground is reached the weasel manages to be above, and generally escapes with its life. Lambs are the golden eagle's favourite food, and it has been known to carry one three months old a distance of over twenty miles to feed its eaglets, for, like the fox, it is knowing enough not to steal in the neighbourhood of its nest. When its food for any reason becomes scarce, it seems to become desperate, and does not hesitate to attack even the red deer, which it at first attempts to blind, but in this its efforts are seldom successful, as the antlers form an excellent defence. Should it attack the hinder part of its body, the deer tries to rake it off or to roll over it, but for all this the eagle does not cease its attacks until its quarry is exhausted, or has escaped into the shelter of some copsewood.

In the Highlands eagle's feathers were, for the manufacture of arrows, deemed much superior to the "gray goose wing" used by the Sassenach. They were also used as a distinguishing emblem of rank, three eagle's feathers adorning the bonnet of a chief, two that of a chieftain, and one that of a gentleman.

A. P.

THE CHURLS' TOWN

Few indeed would recognise, either in the bland and kindly people living in the villas of Charlton, or in the few agricultural labourers at present employed in that parish, the natives who originally gave it this name. Yet in Domesday Book Charlton is called Cerleton, that is, "the Churls' Town." There was then only one plough on the domain lands, and "the villains, who are thirteen in number," employed three more, but the name brings vividly before the eyes the clearing in the great forest which in all probability clothed the slopes rising at this place from the Thames, and the few miserably-poor and scantily-clad workers in husbandry belonging to their master, William Fitzoy, who himself held of the overlord, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. "There are two slaves," continues Domesday Book, "eight acres of meadow, and pasture for five hogs;" here is another picture of Charlton at the Conquest. Where the denudation caused by the fall of the waters of the Thames and the ordinary destructive agencies of time have left a thin covering of soil on the gravelly slopes, a little meadow emerging from the surrounding sea of beeches and oaks enables these two swineherds, Gurth-like, to keep their charges in sight as they feed upon the mast and acorns. In the wood itself wild boars and swine might be found. Fallow deer had existed in Britain in prehistoric times, and had died out. This deer is originally a native of the countries which border on the Mediterranean, and had been a second time introduced by the Romans into England, so that not improbably the ancestors of the sleek creatures now to be seen in Charlton House Park or at Greenwich may have wandered wild upon the well-wooded slopes near "the Churls' Town." Red deer would certainly have been found in the woods and on Shooter's Hill. It would be easy to depict "the Churls' Town" in much earlier days, when the men of the river gravels cowered among the trees in miserable huts, and, greatly daring, slew the bear or hyena with flint-tipped arrows, but we refrain. It should not be omitted, however, among the

memories of the place that in 1092 it belonged to the great Bishop of Lincoln, Robert Bloett.

The original "churls," who settled on the hill-sides of Thanet Sand, which slope downwards from the London clay to the river, as it was then, unbanked and much wider and shallower than it is now, were clearly men of taste. To our mind there is no finer prospect near London than that which meets the eye from the ridge at Charlton. Chiselhurst may be of a softer type of beauty, with its dreamy distant curves and its furze blinking with a blinding yellow in the sunshine, but it possesses no such centre as does Charlton, round which its numerous villas may crystallise. A grand seventeenth-century house, with oriels and vanes and turrets and terraces at the latter village, rises just opposite the singular church, and from these two valves the life-blood of Charlton ramifies into a few streets of houses, looking themselves more comfortable than quaint. Charlton House, however, would vouch for the antiquity of any village. Mist and smoke too often fill the valley of the Thames below, but every fine day justifies the warm encomium of Evelyn: "9th May, 1653, I went to visit my worthy neighbour, Sir Henry Newton [at Charlton], and consider the prospect, which is doubtless for city, river, ships, meadows, hill, woods, and all other amenities, one of the most noble in the world; so as, had the house running water, it were a princely seat." The immense amount of commerce daily conveyed up the Thames, and the constant activity visible in the steamers and barges which crowd its surface, add another feature to the view at present, and to our eyes compensate for the absence of running water near the house. The pall of smoke, however, which almost always hides London, has descended upon it since Evelyn's time.

As for the house itself, it was built about 1612 by Sir Adam Newton. With the adjacent deer-park and rookery it forms an eminently picturesque centre for the village. Inside, together with the furniture, old china, and the like usually found in old halls, is a polished slab of black marble forming a chimney-piece. In this Lord Downe is said to have seen a robbery committed on Blackheath (more than a mile away), and so to have sent his servants and apprehended the highwaymen. The house belonged to the Puckerings in 1649. Sir Henry Pucker's only daughter Jane, while walking in Greenwich Park in the autumn of that year, was abducted by one Joseph Welsh and carried to Flanders. After being long immured in a nunnery she married him, and returned to have her marriage dissolved, after which she became Lady Bale.

Charlton Church is a fine specimen of brick-work, with a good porch and a tower, something like that of Plumstead, further down the river. On this tower, by long custom, a flag is flown every Sunday, to remind the captains of homeward-bound ships of the day. The tower itself forms a conspicuous landmark in the navigation of the Thames. The church was rebuilt between 1630 and 1640. It contains the bodies of the only two persons who have been assassinated, in recent times, in the House of Commons, the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval and Mr. Drummond. There is a monument also to the chief cook of Queen Elizabeth and her father Henry, to whom a grant of arms was made. These surmount it. The master cook's wife Clare is also commemorated in the inscription; but tradition asserts that both lie buried under the huge bole of a pollarded elm just outside the churchyard. Evelyn quaintly records on May 30th, 1652: "In the afternoon, at Charlton Church, where I heard a Rabbinical sermon;" probably one teeming with Hebrew quotations.

The glories of Charlton Fair have departed, like those of its neighbour at Greenwich, but only within the memory of man. A grant from the Crown in 1268 established it. It was held until a quarter of a century ago on St. Luke's Day in what is still known as Fairfield, and "called Horn Fair," says Lysons, "by reason of the great plenty of all sorts of winding horns and cups and other vessels of horn there brought to be sold." A burlesque procession formerly passed on the Fair Day from Deptford through Greenwich to Charlton, each person in it wearing some ornament of horn upon his head. This feature very properly has been disused since 1768. It is not improbably traced to the legendary escapades of King John at the neighbouring Palace of Eltham.

There is much that is picturesque at the "Churls' Town," as we have tried to show, to attract gentles to it at present. Great football and a lacrosse matches are annually played here. There is a rumour that an excellent cricket-ground is to be formed, which may "justle with" Lord's Ground, to use James I.'s expression. Here Inigo Jones built himself a house, which is still in existence, called the "Cherry Orchard." Mrs. Fitzherbert lived here. Legend has it that the late Premier once occupied a house in the village. Now, sooth to say, Charlton's political complexion is caught from the primrose. Its cedars are noble; and some are shown which Evelyn visited before writing his "Sylvia." "The Churls' Town" is, in short, a beautiful and a noteworthy nook of Old England. Though in name it recalls Nabal, its inhabitants conspicuously disprove the appellation.

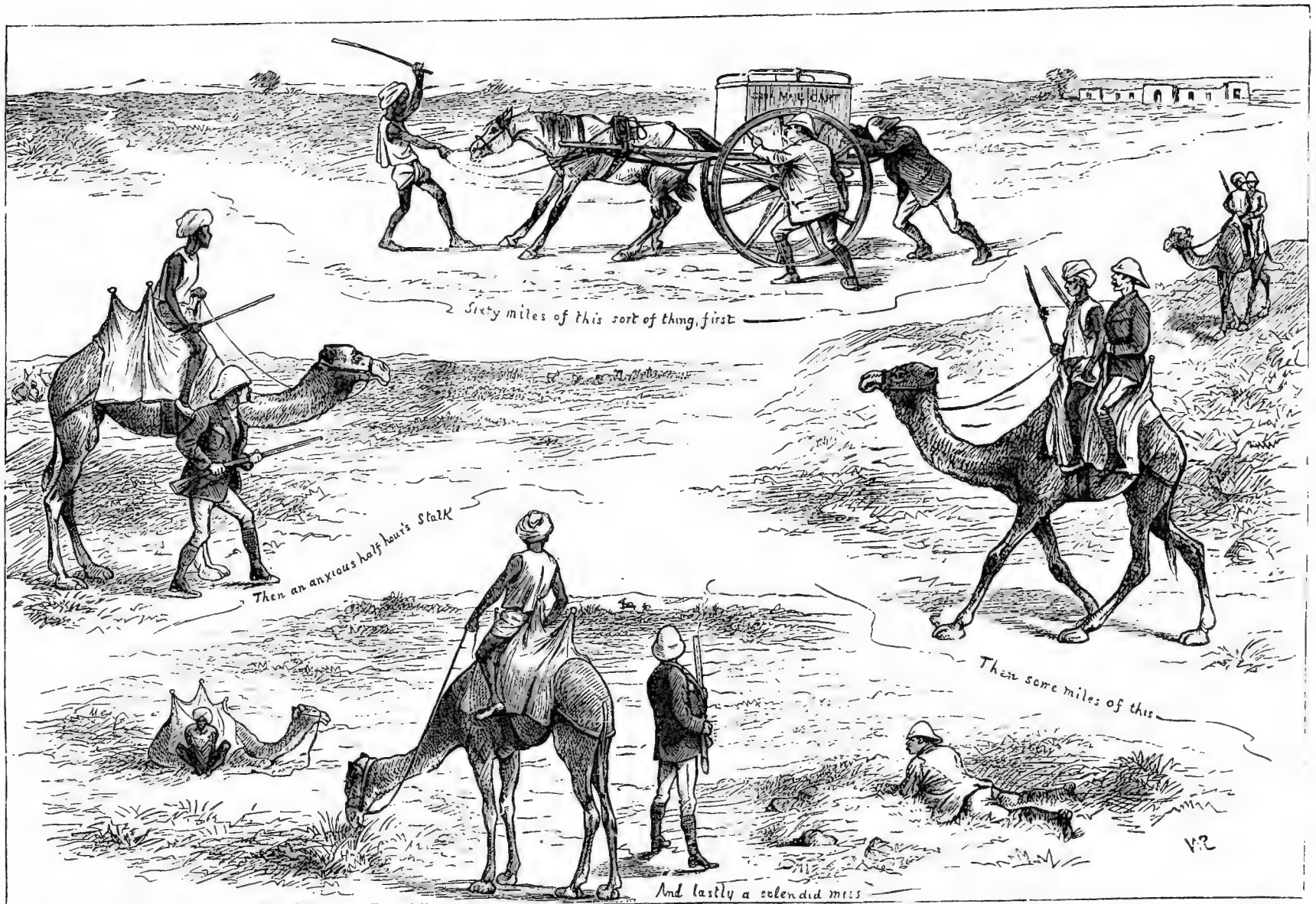
M. G. W.

FOUR GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS will start next spring. They will sail in company to the Siberian coast, and thence explore in different directions.

AMERICAN ART COLLECTORS are often more zealous than intelligent. Thus a Californian millionaire with a large gallery has recently attached a label to each work, noting the artist and nature of the subject. Here are two examples: "Landscape," by Carl Pinxit; "Scene," by Schreyer Dorp—the last artist hailing from Düsseldorf, which is frequently curtailed to Dorp.

OLD BOOTS AND SHOES are valuable property across the Atlantic. They are carefully collected by the street scavengers, and put to a variety of uses, but especially for aesthetic leather work. The embossed leather papers covering the walls of fashionable mansions and the stamped-leather fire-screens almost invariably consist of a layer of pressed pulp made from old boots and shoes over a thick sheet of paper. The boots are washed in several waters to get off the dirt, the nails and threads are removed, and the shabby leather is ground into pulp, and reappears gorgeous in tints of bronze and old gold. Then carriage-makers grind them similarly and press them into sheets for the tops of carriages, bookbinders use them for the backs of cheap works, and nearly all ornamental leather picture frames are the produce of cast-off foot-coverings.

GOING OUT OF TOWN is a serious perplexity to Parisian Society nowadays, when there is no Royal head to decide which shall be the watering-place of the season. For once our self-satisfied neighbours envy us in this respect. "If only we were English," sigh fashionable Parisians, "we could go where the Prince of Wales goes. It is so *chic* to be English, to play *lawn-tennis* and *le boxe*, to drink *five o'clock tea* and to wear *suits*." So they scan the papers to see where the Orleans family are staying, or the chief aristocratic celebrities, and to follow like the famed *Bribis de Panurge*. Monsieur buys an English country suit, and Madame dons the costume *Petit Pierre*, a white or navy blue woollen toilette, made after the Breton peasant fashion. "Toad green" is also a suitable tint for the country, worn with an Italian peasant, or "pifferari," hat, adorned with real wild flowers. Or Monsieur's coat is "duck pond green"—a very British hue, he imagines—and Madame wears a masculine-cut dress of "stagnant water," spotted with tiny velocipedes, the same machines serving as buttons. For casino dances she takes a "swallow" toilette of black and white, or a "dragon fly costume"—very gauzy and vaporous—and birds of all descriptions, from the owl to the dove, and the Arctic black cock to the tropic humming-bird, nod upon her bonnet.



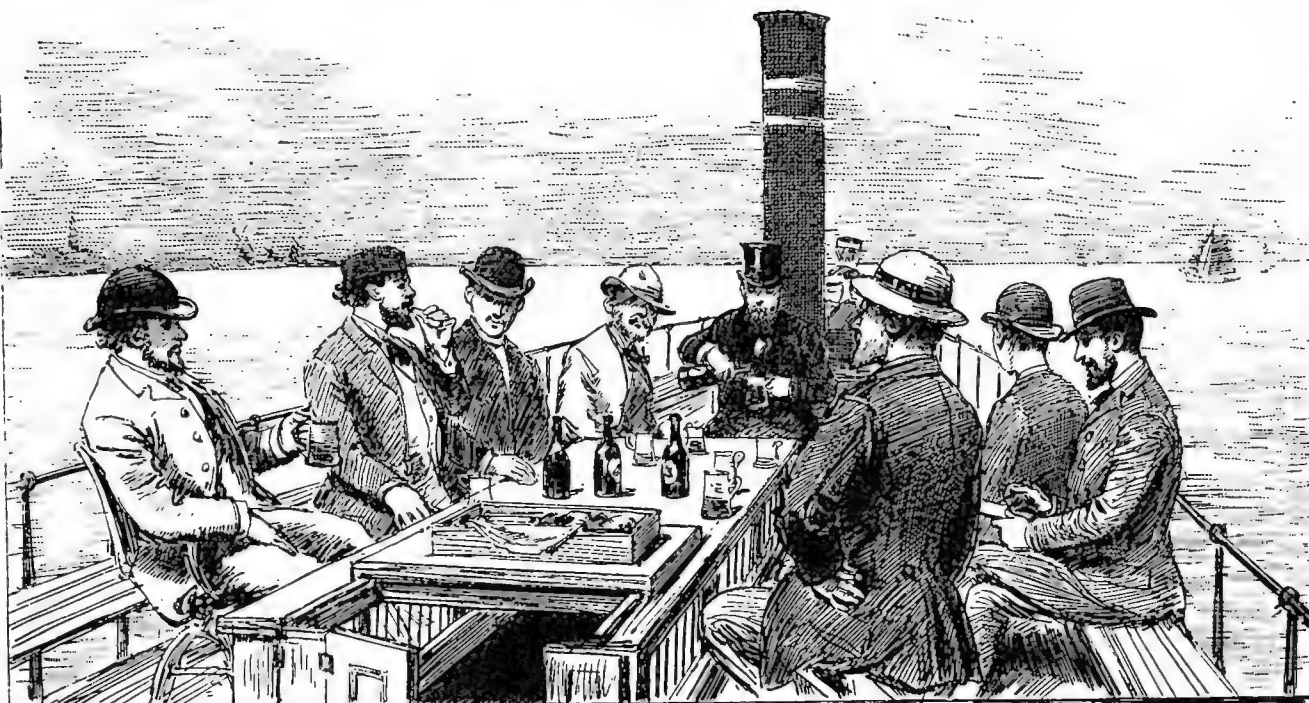
INDIA—A DAY'S RAVING DEER STALKING



"A PARTING"

FROM THE PICTURE BY MARIANNE STOKES IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

On the Boat



Our Guide



Women of Marken



The Principal Village



Curiosity



An Interior



A Village Belle



An Embroidered Head Gear



The Rising Generation



A Street

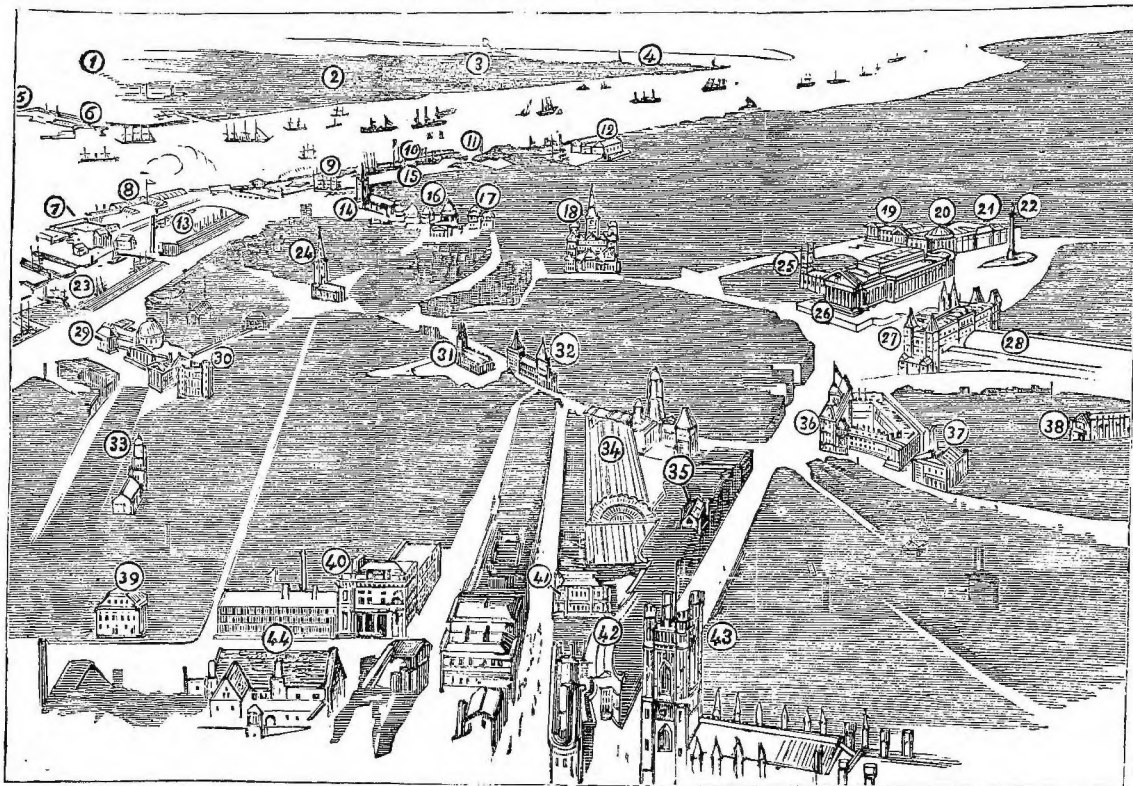


A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LIVERPOOL

LOOKING down upon Liverpool from any great height, one cannot help being struck by the fact that its site is one of the most perfect that could have been selected for a great commercial city. The Mersey, which varies from a mile to about half a mile in width, with its flat shore, has given an opportunity for the erection of the most magnificent set of docks to be found in Europe, extending a distance of more than five miles. These docks are the glory of Liverpool, and have been constructed almost entirely of granite. As little or no architectural display has been attempted, and every thing about them is solid and grand, they form one of the most striking works of the nineteenth century.

A stranger arriving at Liverpool and seeing it from the water is prepared to find the city one of the finest in Europe, but unfortunately neither its streets nor its public buildings fulfil this anticipation. Why this is we shall point out. There are two kinds of towns or cities which call forth our admiration. These are the

We think that it is to be regretted that St. John's churchyard should have been selected for the proposed cathedral, for several reasons; the first is that from a sanitary point of view it will block up the only lung of the city, and will necessitate the digging up of thousands of dead bodies, a thing very undesirable in a city already not remarkable for salubrity. From an architectural point of view we regret the selection of this site, because it will certainly injure the effect of St. George's Hall, and the future cathedral will itself be injured by proximity to that stately building. Two other sites have been suggested for the cathedral, either of which we think would be greatly preferable. The one is St. George's Dock, and the other is Commutation Row. In either of these situations the new cathedral would have a far less encumbered and surrounded site. If, for instance, the front were to face Commutation Row, as has been suggested by Mr. J. P. Seddon, the building might be placed about 100 feet back from the present roadway, leaving an open space in front of it. The height at which it would stand would add to its dignity, and it would be sufficiently removed from



KEY TO BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LIVERPOOL, 1885

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|---------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Birkenhead. | 10. Prince's Parade. | 19. Free Library. | 28. Lime Street Station. | 37. Welsh Church. |
| 2. Seacombe. | 11. Clock Tower. | 20. Reading Room. | 29. Custom House. | 38. E.C. Pro-Cathedral. |
| 3. Egremont. | 12. Waterloo Grain Dock. | 21. Walker Art Gallery. | 30. Sailors' Home. | 39. Gallery of Art. |
| 4. New Brighton. | 13. George's Dock. | 22. Wellington Column. | 31. Pro-Cathedral. | 40. Apothecaries Hall. |
| 5. Great Pool. | 14. St. Nicholas Church. | 23. Canning Dock. | 32. The Compton. | 41. Savings Bank. |
| 6. Alfred Dock. | 15. Prince's Dock. | 24. St. George's Church. | 33. St. Thomas Church. | 42. Roscoe Arcade. |
| 7. Manchester Dock. | 16. Town Hall. | 25. St. John's Church. | 34. Central Station. | 43. St. Luke's Church. |
| 8. George's Parade. | 17. Exchange. | 26. St. George's Hall. | 35. German Church. | 44. St. Luke's Schools. |
| 9. Landing Stage. | 18. Municipal Buildings. | 27. North-Western Hotel. | 36. Adelphi Hotel. | |

dignified and striking mediæval cities, with their finely broken skyline, numerous church towers all grouping round a noble minster, which forms the centre of the composition, and planned so as to give importance to this vast Cathedral. Though the streets may be narrow, and often crooked, their narrowness and crookedness seems but to enhance the superb effect of the great square, or close, surrounded by the vast Cathedral and its attendant buildings. Another kind of city which we can admire is the regularly-planned modern town, with its great wide streets, palatial public buildings, large open squares, and spacious boulevards. Unfortunately Liverpool can at present come under neither of these classes of towns; its history renders it impossible that it could belong to the former, for although it possessed a castle and a church in the Middle Ages, yet its castle does not appear to have been remarkable either for size or beauty, and its church was only a chapel in the parish of Walton. Of neither this church nor the castle does there at present exist one single stone, and few, if any, of its buildings have existed for two centuries. In this respect it is even less interesting than Birkenhead, which still possesses the venerable and beautiful remains of its Abbey, a building which, judging from the fragments still in existence—consisting of a Norman chapter house, part of the abbot's lodging, and the north wall of one of the aisles of the church, must have been, in its prime, a very stately edifice. While speaking of these ruins, by the way, we would call attention to their archaeological value, and suggest that some means should be taken to preserve them as far as possible from future injury.

The reason why we cannot regard Liverpool as a thoroughly fine modern town is the fact that it possesses so few handsome public buildings in proportion to its vast extent. We acknowledge, of course, that St. George's Hall, the Walker Fine Art Galleries, the Museum, Public Library, and new Municipal Buildings are worthy of any town, yet the place is so vast, and "its distances" so great, that it would require forty or fifty such buildings to render it interesting. If the 160 churches and chapels existing in Liverpool were noble edifices like the Norwich, Bristol, or York churches, or even possessed of picturesque steeples like Wren's City churches, they would be sufficient to relieve the monotony of the streets, but unfortunately the ecclesiastical edifices in Liverpool are not remarkable for architectural elegance. Liverpool, moreover, for a large city is very much wanting in great leading thoroughfares—there are, in fact, no very important continuous straight lines of streets running either from north to south, or from east to west; the consequence is that it is a most difficult town in which to find one's way about, for there is nearly always some shorter cut from place to place by leaving the most important thoroughfares than by following them—a very bad arrangement in such a busy town.

It is a most extraordinary thing that while we are perpetually finding fault with the mediæval men for the irregularity with which the streets of their towns are planned, yet our 18th and 19th century cities seem to be set down altogether at random, and Oxford and Chester, which are the two most thoroughly mediæval towns in England, are decidedly better planned in every particular, whether regarded from a sanitary point of view or for convenience, than such modern cities as Liverpool, Manchester, or Birmingham. Like most of our modern English towns, Liverpool possesses few fine open spaces; that surrounding St. George's Hall might very easily be converted into a noble centre point for the city by opening out and rebuilding the whole of the neighbourhood about Commutation Row and Gloucester Street, and Copperas Hill, cutting off a great corner at the end of Byron Street, and planting out the graveyard of St. John's Church with ornamental trees.

St. George's Hall to prevent its injuring the effect of that building; it would be the means of clearing away a number of little streets between Islington and the London Road, which are unworthy of such a situation. Both Islington and the London Roads might be widened, so that both flanks of the cathedral would be seen from broad and important streets, whereas the great "façade" would look over Wellington Place. So many important improvements have been effected in Liverpool within the last few years, and its inhabitants have displayed such a laudable and enlightened generosity in improving and adorning their city, that we trust this opportunity may not be lost sight of. As the whole neighbourhood enclosed within the lines of Commutation Row and London Road, Norton Street and Islington, will in the course of a few years probably be rebuilt, it is a pity that this site should not at once be secured for some grand public building.

We should mention in conclusion that our view was taken from a point south-east of St. Luke's Church, and is from sketches made entirely upon the spot. We have to thank the Mayor and Town Surveyor of Liverpool for the facilities offered to our artist to ascend the various steeples and towers of churches and public buildings in order to prepare sketches for this drawing, which not only shows the centre portion of Liverpool, but also portions of Birkenhead, Egremont, and New Brighton in the distance.

H. W. BREWER.



At this moment no subject can well be more important than that of the capability of our armed maritime forces to protect adequately the British Empire. Few books are better calculated to encourage a proper interest in our Navy than that of Mr. Davenport Adams, "England on the Sea; or, The Story of the British Navy" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). Of course, the theme has been treated before. But Mr. Davenport Adams here takes us back to the days of King Alfred, and from them onwards till the bombardment of Alexandria, gives us, in a fashion that is at least interesting, all that is most noteworthy in the performances of our great sea kings. Leaving alone Hubert de Burgh and Howard of Effingham, it may be said that he tells us all that it is essential to know about Sir Richard Grenville, Admiral Blake, Benbow, Vernon, Anson, Rodney, Hawke, Nelson, Collingwood, Cochrane, and the other gallant sailors to whom England owes so much. Without committing ourselves to an admission of the author's accuracy in every particular, we yet think that he has produced a creditable book on a great subject.

Mr. Wynn Westcott, M.B. Lond., has written a work on "Suicide" (H. K. Lewis). He deals with its history, literature, jurisprudence, causation, and prevention. In all, he seems to have shown much carefulness and accuracy, and his official position as Deputy Coroner for Central Middlesex is, in some sort, a guarantee that his statements are made under a full sense of responsibility. It would seem that nowadays, at least, the number of suicides in all great towns vastly exceeds that of those in the country. Moreover, single persons are more susceptible to suicidal mania than married, while widowed people of either sex are singularly apt to seek relief from their sorrows in death. Climate and race, too, affect singularly the statistics which Mr. Wynn Westcott has been at the pains to

collect. As remedies against the self-destructive tendency he mentions "Occupation for the mind of a composing character if possible, and the cultivation of a religious conviction of the sanctity of life, and the sin of a self-inflicted death." Mr. Westcott's book is to be commended as giving in short space a well-digested synopsis of widely and carefully gathered statistics.

To have classical lore presented in a readily digestible form must not be altogether disagreeable to a large number of persons, and this, we think, Professor Witt has been able to accomplish. "The Wanderings of Ulysses" (Longmans, Green, and Co.), translated by Miss Frances Younghusband, tells us, as pleasantly as we could wish, all that happened to Ulysses from the time he left the Trojan shore, till at last he met full compensation for his trials in the kindness of Penelope. Æolus, Circe, and the rest, are all portrayed to us in almost as lifelike a form as in the pages of Homer, and one is doubtful which is most to be praised, the industry of Professor Witt, or the tact in translation of Miss Younghusband.

"Sharp, Sharper, Sharpest: A Humorous Tale of Old Egypt," by C. M. Seydel (Felix Bagel, Düsseldorf), is sent us by Messrs. Trübner. The get-up of the volume is certainly curious and quaint and suggestive of all that is most mysterious in "mummy cases." The illustrations are comic to the verge of extravagance. The subject matter of the rattling verse which accompanies them may be briefly epitomised. Rampsinit, King of Egypt, has much treasure, which he wishes to hold in absolute security. He employs a distinguished architect to build him a treasure-house. This gentleman fulfils his monarch's behests, but places in his work a stone which can be removed by those who know its secret. This secret he betrays at death to his sons. On this slight plot an amusing story is built; but we doubt whether the matter of the work can compare in point of interest with the quaint binding, and with the other circumstances which Mr. Bagel has combined in such a way as to make his production unique.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have issued another volume in their admirable series of "Military Biographies." This time Turenne is the person treated of, and by so competent a military critic as Colonel H. M. Hozier. The narrative of Turenne's life is in itself interesting enough; but the accomplished author aims at something more than a mere memoir. He endeavours to trace the various changes which Turenne conducted in the science of war from the time that he was first made a Marshal till he fell mortally wounded by a round shot on the hill above the Salzbach. Colonel Hozier explains the predominant position of cavalry in early seventeenth-century warfare, and why it was that so much attention was bestowed by commanders upon the siege and defence of fortresses. How high the First Napoleon's opinion was of the rival of Condé may be judged from the fact that on his death-bed he linked the name of Turenne with Frederic, Cæsar, and Hannibal as one of those with whom he would talk of the art of war. This handy volume finds its place worthily beside those of General Brackenbury and Colonel Malletson dealing with Frederic and with Loudon. It will be valuable to the historical student, whether reading disinterestedly for instruction or preparing for examination in Modern History at Oxford, or for Sandhurst.

In the "Imperial Parliament Series" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) Sir John Lubbock is at great pains to make himself clear and intelligible on the question of "Representation." He discusses much that is involved in "Single Membered Constituencies," "Scrutin de Liste," "The Single Transferable Vote," "The Cumulative Vote," "The Free List or Ticket," and "The Limited Vote." He himself, as is well known, favours a system of proportional representation. How "Scrutin de Liste" works may be imagined from the June, 1884, Election in Belgium. In Brussels 9,311 Conservative voters returned sixteen candidates, while 7,924 Liberals failed to obtain a single representative. In July, 1884, the tables were turned, and 8,909 Conservatives could not send one spokesman to the Senate, while 9,517 Liberals secured eight members. It would seem that the ideal representative system will only be attained after much effort and perplexity of soul. Sir John Lubbock's book is, however, a satisfactory attempt to popularise political instruction.

Mr. G. Powell has translated Mr. Henry Havard's "The Dutch School of Painting" (Cassell and Company). The work gives in a brief compass the history of the art in Holland, which is adorned by such names as Rembrandt and Gerard Dow. The illustrations accompanying the text, which are taken from typical works of great masters, are excellently done. The author regards, as the main characteristics of the grand epoch of Dutch art, its marvellous learning verging almost on pedantry, which had been brought from Italy, and a deep sense of naturalism, by which he means observation and study, and what he calls "a sort of indigenous quality peculiar to the temper, and one of the characteristics of the Dutch race." No fault can be found with the manner in which the translator, Mr. Powell, has accomplished his task.

Mr. S. Scott Keltie's Report to the Royal Geographical Society on "Geographical Education," has been published by Mr. John Murray. Mr. Keltie was employed for this particular work as the Society's Inspector of Geographical Education. In order to compile the valuable report before us he was compelled to visit the great civil and military educational establishments of this country, France, Austria, Germany, and Holland. As is well-known, in a great many of our first-grade schools geography is scarcely heard of in the class-rooms at all, and the peoples of the continent, notably the Germans, are much ahead of us. The only places in England where the subject is systematically taught the inspector found to be "the Training Colleges, male and female, and the National Board Schools; with now, and of the last few years, some few good high and middle-class schools." His report suggests food for reflection in face of the growing political and social importance of an adequate general knowledge among all classes of the surface of the earth.

"Picturesque Canada," which is being edited for Messrs. Cassell and Co. by Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, promises to make up, when all its numbers are complete, two or three handsome and instructive volumes. The letterpress is in beautiful clear type, the margins are broad, and the engravings are well chosen and admirably executed. This first number deals with Quebec, its scenery, and architecture, and with the troubles and difficulties of its early settlers.

In a form that will be found handy and useful to politicians, Mr. W. A. Holdsworth has brought together the new laws dealing with electoral franchise, under the title of "The New Reform Act" (Ward, Lock, and Co.). In an introduction he gives a complete description of the various franchises; notes and a copious index go to make the work thorough and complete.

We have received the bound volume of *The Antiquary* for the first six months of this year from Mr. Elliot Stock. Much of the matter we have already alluded to, and it will be sufficient if we say here that the six numbers, from January to June 1885, are combined into a neat, strongly bound, and readable book.

A CURIOUS WHISTLING AND SINGING SNAKE is now at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. The reptile produces sounds like a young mocking-bird, and, indeed, the man who caught the snake on a railway line in Maryland supposed he was chasing a bird. It is about four feet long, and resembles an ordinary snake in appearance, although its head is somewhat of the pug-dog shape. When the creature whistles or sings it makes a series of jumps like a frog. No such snake has ever been seen previously in America, and the present specimen differs considerably from the African and East Indian singing snakes.

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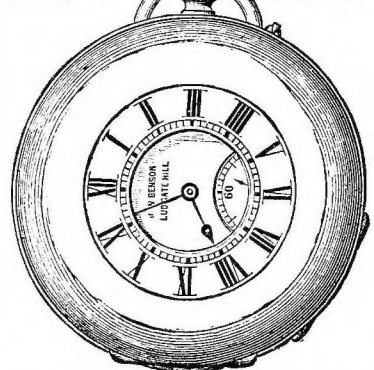
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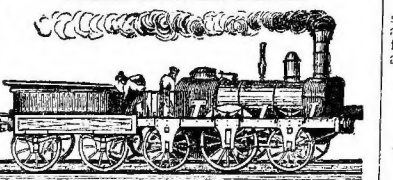
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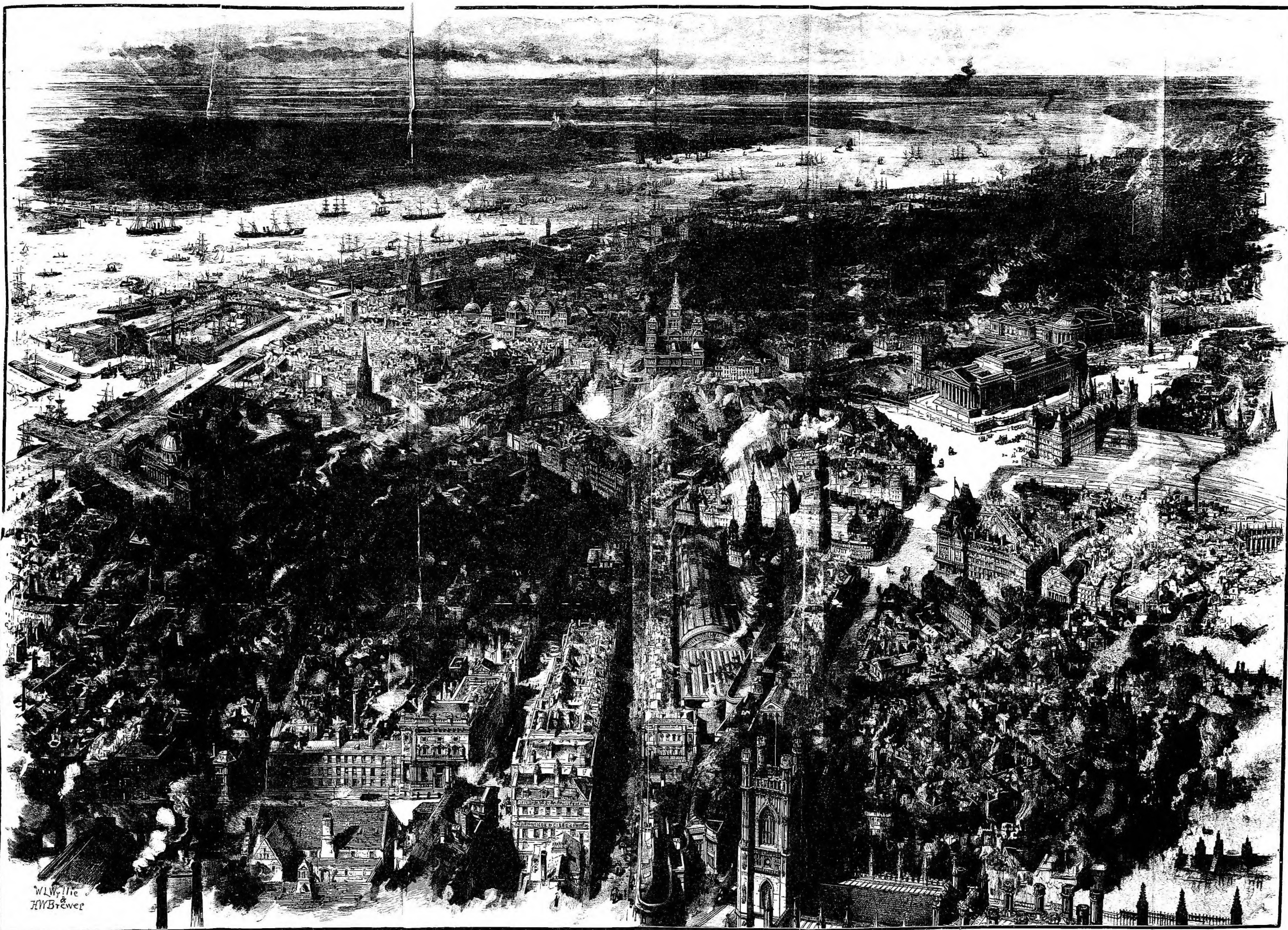
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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LIVERPOOL, AS SEEN FROM A BALLOON, 1885

DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER AND W. L. WYLLIE